

CAVALCADE

OCTOBER, 1953

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Should Sport be Banned? — page 66



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Cavalcade

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the love trail to TRAGEDY

George Anne Bellamy had many loves. She lived richly, but she died broke.

JAMES PROULDRIDGE

AHENT, full old women collapsed and died on a London street one February evening in 1926. Dirty, unkempt and starving, she was the only one of many of the city's destitutes who daily went unnoticed and unheeded into pauper's graves.

But 40 years before all England had known her as vivacious and beautiful George Anne Bellamy, the star of Covent Garden Theatre, the idol of the playgoing public, the matinée who treated a dozen matinee matas around her finger and whom a pair of the media tried to kidnap for love.

Born in 1887, George Anne (her name was a mistake made by a man in registering "George") was



the illegitimate daughter of a young actress named Catherine Seal, who, at 18, had eloped with husband, but disastrous Lord Tyneway.

Tyneway promised to marry his actress, but passing debts caused him to change his mind in favor of a Lady Muriel Stewart, who, although "both ugly and foolish," possessed a fortune of £20,000.

Once he got his hands on the money, the noble lord left his wife in rooms in London and with Miss Seal fled himself off to Portugal, where he had snatched the post of British ambassador.

Living in "the statistics ain't," the couple produced George Anne, whom Tyneway acknowledged as his daughter. But his loving eye then

lighted on a Portuguese beauty named Domenica Anna. Catherine retaliated by running off and marrying a British officer, Captain Bellamy, who consented to give his name to Tyneway's daughter.

To further complete matters, Bellamy soon after disappeared. Catherine Seal returned to the London stage, and Lord Tyneway gave George Anne into the care of his adjutant, Captain Pye, to bring up with her own children.

At 11 George Anne was sent back to England to stay with a former servant of Lord Tyneway's who was married to a London wig-maker. She was taken to see her mother, but Mrs. Bellamy pushed her out of her dressing room, exclaiming, "My God! What have you brought me here? This goggle-eyed, splinter-faced, guitar-mad wench, is not my child! Take her away!"

For all his vicious profligacy, Tyneway cared for his children, and when he returned to England in 1911 George Anne received better treatment from him. She moved into his house, still run by the Portuguese matron, Domenica Anna, and joined three other daughters, all by different mothers, staying there.

Tyneway, however, was soon off to take the post of British ambassador to Russia. He made George Anne an allowance of £100 a year and left her on the care of friends in London.

During the 1914-1918 war, George Anne's mother (who had meanwhile married and been deserted by another officer, Captain Walker) arrived on the scene and dragged her off to live with her. Tyneway was informed and immediately stopped the allowance, leaving mother and daughter penniless.

Mrs. Bellamy took the girl to Covent Garden Theatre and got her

a job. She made her debut on November 22, 1914, and her beauty and talent soon won her public acclaim. At 20, George Anne Bellamy was the reigning queen of the London stage.

She was not tall, but her figure was "admirably proportioned," said a critic of the day.

Reviewers flocked around her, but George Anne would listen to no proposals that did not include "marriage and a coach."

The persistent admirer was Lord Byron, ancestor of the poet, but his advances did not go so far as "marriage and a coach." When George Anne was informed that nothing less would interest her, he Lordship prepared a song and waited for her one afternoon outside the theatre.

When George Anne appeared, he grabbed her in his arms, hoisted her into a coach and rattled off to find a horses could gallop.

An interested observer of the situation was a young nobleman named Sir George Merton, who was himself waiting for a date at the same door. He set off in pursuit, on his own carriage and successfully rescued the matron from Byron's house in North Audley Street before that villain was able to work his wicked will.

Overcome with gratitude, the following day George Anne Bellamy moved into Merton's "luxury" house in St. James as his mistress.

Merton, however, was a spendthrift living far beyond his means. Before long, George Anne was maintaining the "luxury" house from her salary at Covent Garden, Drury Lane and other London theatres.

Incurably extravagant, George Anne was soon sentenced to debt, a more serious condition in those days as it frequently meant incarceration indefinitely in a debtor's prison. Merton fled to Scotland to

deep misery-bitterness who were cheating her, and she was left alone.

George Anne soon left on the plan of opening a home game in her house with the proceeds of her pawned jewellery. The hotel had a lucky run, and in a few weeks she cleared enough to pay her debts.

Melrose returned and, in favour of her gambling, ordered her to close the game. George Anne obeyed, but only because she was tired of the game and affluent with £1,000, with which the rich young Lord Dunsay had presented her.

Anyways, she was lured back with Melrose, and soon after repaid him with a transvestite named John Calcraft, who was rapidly making a fortune as gamblers and agent for British banks in Europe.

Like Melrose, Calcraft had a thousand excuses why he could not marry her, but he eventually signed a contract of marriage in which he agreed, under forfeit of £1,000, to make her his wife within six years. George Anne agreed and moved into his house, definitely changing her doctrinal belief from "Men" to "Mrs." Bellamy.

What the lawless scheme now or the pastorey, dirty Calcraft is a mystery. Indescribably slovenly in appearance and dress, he delighted in keeping a pet pig in his bedroom.

His irreproachable mistress got on with it for a while, then enlisted the aid of two of her advances to creep in and kill it while Calcraft was away. Incommoded when he found the slaughtered pet, Calcraft was pelted by the wily George Anne who accused his mistress of being the serpent who tempted the serpent among the old world snake.

George Anne's own persistent cleanliness was recognized through London

Daily she took two baths. In one she washed herself, but during the other, in which she remained soaking for several hours, she received visitors.

"There she lay," it has been written, "lolling up from time to time, with gold pins, those four locks of hair which cause ripples and obliged her to fly like a gipsy-dancer out of the water—and sometimes not the water only, but also a now-and-then bather which seemed to have sculptured of Poros' marble."

When Calcraft was laid up with gout, George Anne cheerfully took over the management of his business. She manufactured complaints by addressees in Germany that the shorts supplied by Calcraft were worn for the first time they were washed.

Off to the manufacturer she went. After some negotiation she agreed to pay him threepence extra on each short to ensure they were better-made in future.

George Anne thought no more about it until the bills for the goods arrived. An irate Calcraft showed her that her business had cost him an extra £300, which he insisted she pay.

This and the discovery that Calcraft's determination to carry out his agreement to marry her was because he already had a wife, led to George Anne's desertion of him in 1912.

Calcraft immediately sent her a bill for £1,700, which he held she owed him for clothes and money he had supplied. By the next mail, George Anne sent him her own bill for £32,267, for business she claimed she had put in his way through her father, Lord Tyneway.

Backward of London, George Anne Bellamy accepted an engagement to Dublin, where she fell in with a

young actor named Dugger and entered what was termed a "harmless connection" with him. It lasted two years and, she said, made them "happily unhappy."

During these years Dugger lived her while. When he left her on owing into an £8,000 legacy, she was in debt to the tune of £23,000.

Back in London, George Anne found that younger favourites had captured the public's fancy. She continued as a star at Covent Garden for a number of years, but eventually descended to "lesser" parts.

Still attractive, the actress became the mistress of the well-known actor Harry Woodward. When he died ten years later in 1937, he left her by his will all his furniture, plate, glass and china, and a substantial sum for the purchase of an annuity. But there was a twist in the tail, instigated by the actor's relatives, and his mistress got nothing.

The former queen of the London stage gradually sank into poverty and degradation, from which she never emerged to economic benefit.

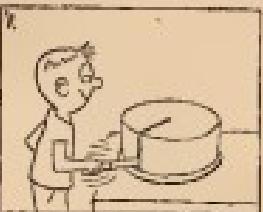
Once, hungry and destitute, she descended the steps of Westminster Bridge, laying the remaining tide-worn cover and dropped her.

As she sat there in the darkness, she heard a small cry of pain below for a piece of bread and the answering wail of her mother. "My God! What wretchedness can compare to ours?"

The words had an identical effect on George Anne. She jumped up, went home to the garret she occupied and forthwith began the writing of her famous memoirs, from which she cleared several thousand pounds.

However, it did not do her any good, as it was seized by her creditors before she got her hands on it.

She was 62 when she died, blind, poor and forgotten. In her will, which had nothing to distribute but debts, she hoped that her life "would prove a lesson to even young women from the area shores of vanity, dissipation and other pleasures."



devil ON A G-STRING

Paganini's skillful performances fascinated people he was inspired by the Devil.



THIS grasping peasant leaping onto the concert platform at Leghorn, Italy, wore a borrowed coat. The sleeve covered the long sensitive fingers and when the audience caught a profile of his figure they thought,

He stopped to the music stand and a contrary gust of wind blew out the candle. While the audience stared with open mouths, the young man tucked his violin beneath his chin and commenced to play without the score. With a twang, a string on the fiddle gave way and the violin crooked glee tremulous up to unrestrained hilarity.

On the same resonant strings, with the roll of mirthlessness still smoldering his cheek, Paganini played like a demon possessed. At the end of the hour the citizens of Leghorn rose. In their acute deafness, apoplexy, spine-thinning wrote they had never heard. Under its spell they cheered themselves hoarse.

Driven by an insatiable and brutal

lust, the young violinist had given concerts in Milan, Bologna, Florence and Pisa, beginning with one at Genoa in 1803 when he was nine years old.

After the now familiar tests of success at the Leghorn concert, Paganini cut the present fitter.

In company with his older brother, and then with a now-dead friend, Orsini, who became his business manager, Paganini began a delirious tour of Italian cities.

At each concert Paganini played his own variations on well-known works, mingled with his own lively compositions. His uniquely plaintive presence, his extraordinary dexterity with the bow and the strings, spine-shaking music he called forth from the very depths of the instrument there his audience into a clamor.

Despite the ballyhooing of his local fans few thought of Paganini as more than another child prodigy. His phenomenal playing power and technical intricacies were looked upon more as oddities than the performance of a genius.

Until that time, no fiddler had experimented with the use of stopped harmonics or double stopping. By utilizing the stopped harmonic on every tone and half tone Paganini extended the compass of the violin and added a polish and brilliance to his playing, effects otherwise considered impossible. Other novelties were achieved by special tunings or variations.

The daring of these effects and the sustained, concentrated expression he put into them made Paganini a master of his time. Few, if any, could play his compositions, and due to the exorbitant prices he charged for copies, only four of his compositions were ever published during

his lifetime, although he wrote many. Frequently, exercised by the physical energy he put into his playing, and by his exertions of the gambling table, Paganini took refuge at a monastery at Cortona.

These recurrent disappearances drew rise in all manner of rumors, maliciously reprinted when a deranged monk at the monastery seized Paganini's bow and broke it into splinters. He swore that the soul of the devil was in the bow, making it play sinfully exciting music.

As punishment the monk was sent to the meter with the fragments of the bow, to have another one made.

On the way he told how Paganini, confined in his cell, while behind him a silhouette clothed in red made daily offerings in imitation of the master,

It was enough to set classroom children giggling of Paganini's imprisonment in a cell. Reporting of the tale added the information that he had killed his master in a fit of jealousy and was locked up with his companion the devil.

These rumors followed Paganini throughout his life. Often accused of charlatanism, it is possible he elevated them to further in aid to his reputation for having more than earthly power.

His phenomenal performances on the G-string stage gave rise to the further belief that in his personal magnetism he was allowed only one string to play upon.

In fact, Paganini's virtuosity on the string arose from a love affair which he was attached to the court of King Emanuele, Napoleon's sister.

He dared not approach the lady directly, so wrote for her a composition for two strings only, "Sonata Amara." Miserably, it was an

MANING HER DRAFT

A young girl went out one night.
Took her feet time out
slowly.
Although she knew wrong
from right,
For last time she had to
stop.
Her cities was something to
behold.
Her attraction for boys was
staggering;
When, finally she returned
home,
She had a little rest in her
stocking.

—AH-EM

a fortune for his son. Always ingloriously of his talent, he rarely played unless it were for money.

Frequent illnesses and a threat condonance which a summons of exorcism left him vacillate, forced him to take a rest. For four years he lived quietly on the estate of a woman friend in Tuscany. Her name was never divulged and many tales were told of how he roamed; and his later numbered together with the devil in the guarded seclusion of the chateau.

On March 20, 1855, Paganini made a triumphal appearance in Vienna. Two popular newspapers gave mere notices of his concertos, while Metternich, the Austria Chancellor, attended every performance. Schubert, Beethoven and Rossini were there. Hay, critical Vienna gave him its bay.

His portrait was displayed everywhere. Lumps of sugar in the salter boxes carried the expression of his profile, his best was mounted in butter. Loaves of bread were baked in the shape of violins and the famed Winter Reichstag was given an audience in the past and called Winter Reichstag a la Paganini. His picture was engraved on seals and signs, books and anterooms and doors were surrounded by carved heads of Paganini.

Baroness of the master's family intoxicated the Vienna, and for the first time Paganini took steps to protect them. He demanded and received apologies from the press and had printed a letter from his mother as proof that her son was not of the devil.

Unshaken, Vienna continued to love him. A medal was struck in his honor, the Emperor gave him the title of "Virtuoso of the Court" and

presented him with the gold medal of St. Salvador. Pope Leo XII conferred on him the Order of the Golden Spur.

Even Vienna Paganini played his way to Paris and London. The legends went with him. In Paris he played his "Witches Dance" and the audience went berserk. Sometime had even the devil standing behind him guiding his fingers.

In London in 1851, his concert was postponed until he agreed to play for the next visitors. The crowd who mobbed him as he left the theater claimed to see fire and smoke coming from his banners' nostrils. People yelled at him in English, of which he understood nothing, and pushed him to see if he were made of flesh.

Paganini made twelve appearances at Vauxhall Gardens for which he was paid £1,000. In addition he played at Queen Victoria's coronation for another £1,000.

Once, having almost lost his train-

ered violin, a Grecianus, through gambling, Paganini had long foreseen the source. Now, by careful bookkeeping of his money he was a wealthy man, and his much-fallen name.

In 1860, at the age of fifty-six, Paganini died from the throat malady he had long suffered.

The rumors did not die with him. Because of a doubt as to his faith, the "mass reader" as he was called, was refused burial in consecrated ground. For five years his son had his body buried between trees and there, to be enhanced whenever it became known where his bones caused.

Finally, an inquiry was held as to his orthodoxy, and Ardiment had him buried with full honors at Parma, near his estate.

Even thus Paganini was not allowed to rest. Fifty years after his burial his body was exhumed so that the master could be looked at again.



immediate success and Princess Elisa permitted him to write a composition for one string, which he did—Sonata for the G-string, entitled "Rapporto."

For his experimenting and Paganini to extend the harmonic concepts of the fourth string to their octaves he was often accused of using frayed strings so that he could stretch up his extraordinary skill on one, when the others snapped.

In 1813 Paganini left Princess Elisa's court, the chief reason being that he presented as visiting the unknown of her Royal Bodyguard when producing that space orchestra.

Two years later Paganini met Antonia Bianchi, a vital, witty woman who sang and danced at the opera. She became his mistress and bore him a son, Achilleo.

The now-married pair endured two years of one another's company, when Paganini brought the legal custody of his child and baptised his birth.

From that time all Paganini's activities were extended in order to build

Recipe for RELAXATION



If more people relaxed, even for a few minutes each day, the hospitals would not be so crowded.

LIFE GUARDS

THERE is only about one change in your life that chronic fatigue—the “final disease,” which makes you fed up with life, your job and the world in general—is caused by physical exhaust.

At the Lhey Clinic in Boston, Dr. Frank Allen recently conducted tests of 300 patients who complained of persistent tiredness, of frayed nerves, of tension and of feeling “like a yo-yo being flipped to the limits of time.”

With only 40 could their chronic fatigue be traced to a definite illness—especially heart disease, diabetes,

kidney trouble and tuberculosis.

The other 260 had nothing organically wrong with them. Yet their fatigue was not temporary. As with millions of other people, it was a real no-hoper, and the probable fore-runner of serious neuritis and breakdowns—but caused by nothing but inability to learn the fundamentals of relaxation.

Unless you can “let go” and relax, all the vitamins, minerals and medicines in the world will not cure fatigue.

Relaxation is the art of developing a cushion in your work. Those who have mastered it can turn their

excesses on or off like a kitchen tap.

When they work, they work with all they have. When they are not working, they relax—completely. They do not stay tense and wound up like a clock spring.

The American author, Robert Coen, has told of a tree-trunk recipe for relaxation he got from his younger brother, Jim.

Jim Coen, at 40, is a business success without an ulcer, high blood pressure or a line of worry on his face. No matter how much goes on around him, he can step back and take a few minutes out for relaxation—with a cup of coffee, or just look out the window at the traffic below.

Knowing that he had not always possessed this formula for releasing tension by putting the affairs of the day out of mind, his brother asked him how he achieved his serenity.

“It’s a one-word secret,” said Jim. “It was given to me in the middle of a lake in my early 20s.”

On vacation, Jim Coen had been invited by a champion girl swimmer to swim across the lake.

In the middle of the lake, completely exhausted and panting, he swam out to the end he could go no further.

She gave him one calm, simple word of advice:

“And I followed it,” Jim Coen says. “You followed it over since—except that I’ve learned to apply it before I’m completely exhausted. It works mentally as well as physically. And it is so simple! All she did was smile at me and say That, Jim!”

For those who can master it, the daily nap is probably the most valuable of all aids to relaxation. Once you have the trick of taking a quick nap—anywhere—on the train, at your desk, before dinner at night—

you have mastered one of the prime abilities of modern times.

A cat-nap lowers blood pressure by 15-20 points and gives your heart a chance to rest. It is recognized treatment in such chronic diseases as stomach ulcers, asthma, arthritis, tuberculosis and nervous disorders.

Sir Winston Churchill is renowned for his after-breakfast nap. During World War II, he said, “I find I can add nearly two hours to my working effort by going to bed for an hour after breakfast.”

Bedders, too, know the benefit of a short nap. Napoleon used to catch up on his sleep everywhere—saves on horseback—and took a few minutes out for a nap before all of his major battles.

General George S. Patton, American World War II hero of Okinawa, was able to swing around in his chair at his desk, swing his back on his stiff surrounding bars, and fall into a deep, refreshing sleep for five minutes.

Theater billets are generally cited as an example that sleep is over-rated. He lived in 14 and rarely had more than four hours sleep a night.

What is forgotten is that he kept a coach in his laboratory. On it he took frequent naps during the day, “constantly recharging the dynamics of his energy.”

It is a mistake to try to force a daytime nap in the belief that it will sleep you sleeping at night. Actually, it often improves the night’s sleep. Scientific research has proved that a daytime nap of reasonable duration can cure insomnia. The art of relaxation during the day makes it easier to relax at bedtime, and the insomnia feels that sleep comes much easier. Dr. Edward Jacobson, America’s leading authority on sleep and re-

"Alexander," said a man to his wife, "does your husband give you any compliments?" He more grunted. "To my dog does," he answered. "Only last night when we were sitting in front of the fire and it was barking low, she said, 'Alexander, the dog!'"

Another, ridiculous tree ridge to all his innocuous potteries—one after lunch and another about sundown.

Another objection of many people to the short-time nap is that they cannot get to sleep quickly enough to take advantage of odd quiet hours during the day. They complain that it takes them up to half an hour to fall asleep.

The answer is that they must have speedy relaxation—an art which can be acquired just as easily as learned to drive a car.

For example, not long ago Dr. Elton Mayo, of Illinois, was consulted by a factory owner over the poor output of his workers. Dr. Mayo decided that their efficiency would increase following a mid-morning rest of ten minutes and taught them how to lie on the floor and go to sleep in that position.

Eventually every one of the workers was able to sleep off in the ten minutes. As a result their output of work passed 20 per cent., and since

sounds and complaints of fatigue were banished.

The method advertised is well sleep by Dr. Jacobson in his standard book, "True Mind Relax." It is as follows: "Lie flat on your back, head as a pillow, arms beside the body, and legs slightly separated. One by one tense and relax the muscles. By the time the pulsebeats from your footbed to your nose is completed, you will most likely be sleeping."

If you cannot manage to sleep now, a few minutes in an easy chair with your eyes closed will do a long way toward diminishing your tiredness and reducing your fatigue.

Tests have shown that the after-lunch rest (even though it does not go as far as actual sleep) has a definite beneficial effect on the quality of your work during the afternoon.

Not long ago, at Stephen's College in the United States, students were divided into two groups. Half of them were kept working in their classrooms after lunch. The other half were allowed to relax as they pleased in their rooms for an hour. The latter half put the better examinations results at the end of the year.

Perhaps the most famous experiments to determine the efficacy of rest on a worker's output was that conducted a few years ago by Frederick W. Taylor, industrial engineer at the Bethlehem Steel Works.

Taylor noticed that at the end of the day men carrying pig iron were completely exhausted. Their average daily load was 115 lbs. net.

Borrowing a leisurely named Schmidt for a test, Taylor, watch in hand, set him carrying pig iron to a loading truck. After such use, Taylor told him to sit down and rest for a few minutes.

Schmidt worked on that basis all

day long—carrying, resting, carrying, resting. The rest enabled him to maintain his working pace and were frequent enough to stay his fatigue. At the end of the day he had carried 67 tons of pig iron—nearly four times as much as the other men.

It is not easy to keep your troubles and relax. You are probably saying "My job is heavier. I'm behind with the rest. My daughter has infected people, my son needs glasses and my wife wants me home for mother to live with us. I'm not saving anything for sickness or old age. My boss is constantly telling me to speed up, to move faster, see more people. How can I be calm and placid?"

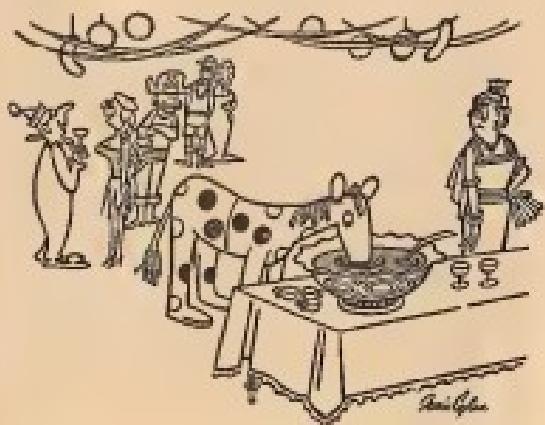
All that only illustrates the greater necessity. If it is for you to sleep up before you go to "go to pieces" Sleep won't get her mouth fixed or Mike get his glasses if you have a headache at the end of the day.

You will not be able to work down. You will not be able to work the whole stream of modern life, complete with its lifetime-wear, fear, hate, rush-as-breaking men. In most countries heart disease is now the greatest killer. How many of your acquaintances went to the cemetery last year from a sudden coronary attack?

Relaxation is the only prevention—and rest is the rate of relaxation.

Learn to rest. Relax the Chinese who makes a cult of silence. Remember that man is the only working animal. Do not hesitate to pitch time for a little more trivial. Go on walking with no place to go. Play more with your children—but not with an eye on your watch.

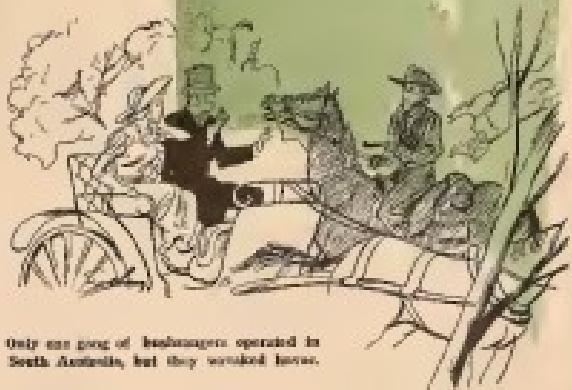
However, do keep an eye on your watch for the time to take another nap—and sleep your future away.



South Australia had

BUSHRANGERS

ELALINE THEA



Only one gang of bushrangers operated in South Australia, but they worked hard.

It was past on Christmas, 1858, and even at the earliest station in the Lyndoch Valley there was a feeling of festivity. Miss Read, the station-owner's wife, although alone, went cheerfully to answer a knock on her front door.

There were three. Without warning, one of them hooked her down and another fired his revolver at her. The bullet of the charge passed her cheek, but the shot missed. The three men then robbed the house. That bushranging came to South Australia.

South Australia was a carefully planned State, and never a simpler place for convicts. Perhaps that is why it had no few bushrangers.

Convicts transported to other colonies for minor offences undoubtedly became bushrangers in many instances because of the brutal treatment they received. In South Australia, which was not a convict colony, the new custodians for bushrangers and the brutalizing code of punishments were both absent.

Many of the poor victims of the violence of their gaolors in the Eu-

tton Shire ran away, joined tribes, or wandered around until hunger and loneliness drew them back to re-serve their fifty lashes. These laches were administered with the cut-throat tails, as savagery weighed heavily on the very slightest protest. The usual type was that used on northerly soldiers, but there was a specially vicious "that's enough" at Mincarlo Harbor. In each of its nine tails was a double-tent of whips, and each tail contained nine knots. This could rig a man's back to shreds in very short order.

The convicts to flee a convict were very numerous—their alternatives to tally scorpion. The convicts were badly fed and rated with the strictest discipline by officials who drove drivers of overseers. If they felt like a little "entertainment" these men made a fake accusation and the victim was given his "doe."

If a convict was sentenced to work for a felon he might be extremely lucky and get a master who was moderately kind, but as the great majority of cases his master would be an ignorant sonn happy to have a sense of power in inflicting a flogging on a fellow-man at the slightest protest. Convicts were often flogged to death because of pure savagery on the part of their masters. They were worked like animals, fed like insects.

Even on these days it was a generally accepted thing that Sunday was a day of rest, but overzealous farmers kept their unaged convicts working. Some of these convicts, to get what they considered their rights, went walkabout on the Sunday, and returned on Monday to receive their fifty lashes.

A modified, indistinct syllable of what might be insolence, was sufficient to earn a new fifty lashes.

Outside the gaols and stations, the convicts had another enemy. Any female who saw a convict drinking in a town or about in the street after curfew, or seemed the sort of being contemptible, could have the man punished.

There was also a great deal of corruption among the officials. "The police made a considerable revenue by blackmailing convicts who were in business," and it was not surprising that this example helped convicts to become delinquent.

They had been instructed to such an extent that master and overseer meant little to them, while in the bush there was a certain amount of freedom. This money became bushrangers.

At the end of 1858, three men—Wilson, Green and another—became bushrangers in the country around Lyndoch Valley, South Australia. It is thought that they originally came from Victoria.

The colony of South Australia was then only three years old, communications were poor, and the three bushrangers had been robbing the settlers and travellers for some months before they lasted Read's station.

News of the latest robbery was referred to Superintendent of Police, Farmer, in Adelaide, and he set out with a party of mounted troopers.

The three outlaws were aware of the advent of the police long before the troopers arrived. They had probably expected the police to show up soon, but they were afraid of interference in the wide open country.

Rounds had not been built, but cattle trails and track marks were called "roads," although often too faint to find. In the Lyndoch Valley the

A reporter was interviewing a doctor who specialised in convulsions. "Doctor," said the newsmen, "what is the foremost factor in which we can attribute the case of the majority of sleep-walkers?" The doctor said: "Two bats."

quarters the Royal Highlanders Inn on Queen Street, and resided with wife, widow and maid.

The third bushranger — whatever name he gave it not disclosed — was riding a horse along a street of Melbourne Town one day when he was recognised by a police officer as an ex-serviceman from Van Diemen's Land who had served his time.

At the hotel was a very fine animal, the policeman took it upon himself to arrest the man as suspicion of passing the rag. The horse proved to be that of a Mr. Cox and the man was charged with horse-stealing. At the trial Mr. Cox's military experience could not swear to the identity of the animal, even though it carried the station brand.

The ex-serviceman was found not guilty and discharged. He departed from Melbourne, crossed the Murray into N.S.W. and vanished into obscurity.

When their companion was arrested, the other two bushrangers, Wilson and Green, hurriedly escaped passing the town red. But when he was released they started on a celebrated which was conducted well but not wisely.

Wilson, very drunk and creating a disturbance, on Sunday of all days (February 26), was locked up for disorderly conduct. While he was sleeping off his inebriety in the cell, he was expected in the guard room and even to-day, by policemen and detectives to see if they recognized him as a wanted man. They did.

Many days passed before the trooper was back with mounted police from Adelaide, Goolwa and Mount Barker. And during those days the three robbers had dispersed hence. The large body of police combed the district, but could find no trace of their quarry.

The bushrangers rode to Melbourne, arriving there about the middle of February, with funds in their pockets. They made their head-

quarters the Royal Highlander Inn on Queen Street, and resided with wife, widow and maid.

On the Monday morning the bushranger was dressed five shillings and allowed to go. He did not suspect he was going to be followed as that the rest of the gang could be traced. He was soon to meet Green and the two men were kept under observation that day while contingencies were being made. That night they were arrested and charged with robbery at Bendigo station.

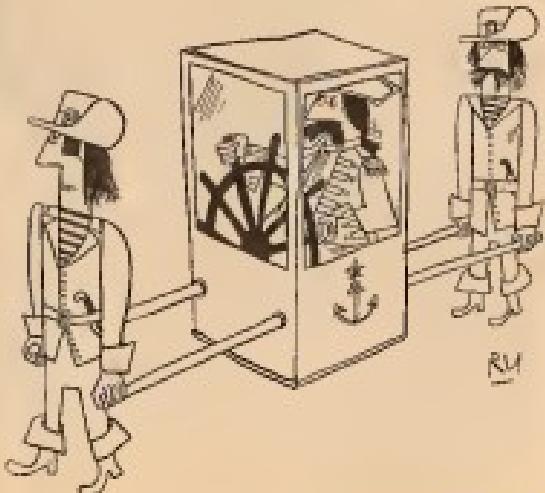
They were detained in Melbourne until warrants could be sent from Adelaide, where they were held for trial.

A series of witnesses from the district around Lyndoch Valley identified them. Some even came

from Portland Bay, where the bushrangers did a "job" on their way to Melbourne.

It was soon realized that the man with the Cox horse had been the third bushranger who had visited Bendigo station, and his trail was followed—and lost. Perhaps he was only a case of "payment deferred" and Justice may have caught up with him later for some other crime. He might have been one of the famous and very numerous New South Wales bushrangers of the following years.

Wilson and Green were found guilty and convicted. There was only one sentence for bushrangers in those days. It was short — and severe!



In the middle of Manhattan, in New York, anything can be obtained for a price — dope, gambling and sex.

RAY HAMILTON



MECCA of *Degradation*

SPARKLING in the middle of Man-
hattan like a cluster of cheap diamonds is *Glad Street*, the brightest and basestis the *Mecca* of the world's biggest city. Men, women and vice occur slightly on *Glad Street* than anywhere in the Big Town.

Through *Glad Street* extends along across Manhattan Island, it is the stretch from South to North Avenue that gives the street its black repu-
tation.

"It is probably the most densely concentrated artery of unseignity in the

country," according to the *Boston Herald*, a citizen-supported survey of New York crime.

Popping the three-block strip are bars, strip-tease houses, gambling casinos, cheap hotels, and open-air hot dog stands. Each establishment serves as a pick-up parlor for adventurous men and daring women.

Every night, *Glad Street* is packed with *travelers*. They get what they want. But they pay handsomely for it.

Tourists and vacationers are the

biggest customers for the *Glad Street* operators. Located just two blocks from the gigantic Port Authority bus station, *Glad Street* is the first stop for most New York visitors. For now, it is as far as they get.

Recently the New York police learned of this and got

Harry, a 25-year-old St. Louis factory worker, wanted to see New York. He arrived by bus. After a quick tour of the pleasure city, he hurried from the bus station and walked to *Glad Street*. The bright lights drew him.

Harry was standing at the corner of Ninth Avenue when a stranger asked him for a smoke. Harry obliged.

"Just get some beer!" asked the stranger, grinning Harry's welcome.

"About how much?" and Harry.

The stranger smiled. "Quite a town, isn't it?" Harry nodded. The stranger added. "Get a place to stay?"

Harry said, "We."

"This little place around the corner," said the man. "Cheep. And you can get anything you want."

Harry caught the influence in the man's tone. To Harry this was adventure. It was why he had come to New York. Anything you want.

He paid cash to the stranger and they headed to a room. During the tumultuous drive, Harry saw the feelings they were riding in circles. But the stranger directed the driver knowledgely. Harry sat back expectantly. Already, he was mentally building the story big till the boys at the plant when he returned to St. Louis.

The hotel was small. Everybody seemed to know Harry's companion. He didn't even have to register. "Take care of that in the morning," the stranger suggested.

Upstairs, the stranger overcame his

timidness. "Why not have a smoke?" he asked. "I'll send up a drink I think you'll like."

Harry was delighted. They soon work fast here, he thought, and he cracked up the strongest left.

The girl was young—so young that Harry was surprised. And she was pretty. They were together a few minutes when the knock came at the door. It was a waiter with two drinks and a tray of ice cubes.

"Two buckas," he said.

Started, but eager to play the hustler, Harry paid. He was ready to pay for his fun he had \$200 with him, though, he had figured, for a memorable week in New York.

Ten minutes later, Harry was back.

There wasn't much he could remember to tell the police. After the waiter left, he had carried the drinks back to the gal. She sipped hers, while Harry devoured his with a gulp. Then he reached over to kiss the gal.

Suddenly the world blacked out. Harry awoke in a dark otherwise. He had no idea how he got there, what had happened to him, or to his suitcase. His money was gone.

To the New York police, it was an old story. A few weeks later, they located the hotel and cleaned up one of the town's most vicious dens of pimps, prostitutes and "mucky" operators.

But that didn't help Harry. The Traveller's Aid gave him a ticket back to St. Louis, and he is there now, writing his early adventure on *Glad Street*.

Watching out for pimps is a major task for police on the *Glad Street* beat, but there is no easier bigger problem, narcotics peddling.

"You've got to keep an eye on everybody every minute," one policeman said. "People who look like

WHY IS IT THAT . . .

When women walk along a floor,
They shake the place from door to door?
And when walking along the street
They're heavy enough for a Navy blues?
While men, much heavier in bone,
Make little or no noise on the same.
When women run, they look their knees —
(It's go-forward, if you please!)
They move their feet in circular motion,
Why? I haven't a notion.
The above is held against the side,
The forearm swings in and out like the tide.
Why don't they swing the arms forward and back?
They just don't seem to have the knock.
Women certainly are funny critters,
Yet, because of them, men get to holler.
Life definitely does not make sense,
Perhaps it's the men who are so dense!

— RAY ME

They've just shaking hands can easily
be passing a bucket of the stuff.

In a ten-minute period, the policemen pointed out four men who were, he said, ready to buy or sell drugs. They wore sport clothes, loud shirts and purple suede shoes. It was like an identifying uniform.

However, as well organized are the selling transactions that only a full policeman can intercept them. Sales are arranged, deliveries completed and get-away made in passing cars with such perfect timing that an arrest demands the street vigilante.

Still more dangerous than the professional peddlers are the adults who use narcotics as bait for teenagers. Every night New York's addicted youngsters converge on Third Street. Certainly, they parlor beds and

fork among the crowded. When they get tired, they rest in the all-night refectories which at this hour

The teenagers are virtually male and female prostitutes. As they wander the busy street, they study adults who, according to their protected eye, look the customers. They will go home for an hour with anyone who can offer them narcotics, and they'll spend the night for a shot of heroin.

They operate with blindfold agreements. If an adult man or woman — walks slowly along Third Street, he will be approached by a teenager almost immediately. Conversation opens with usually requests for a match or the time. Then, the teenager turns the conversation around to sex. Should the adult appear responsive, the kid boldly asks

"What is there in it for me?" Uninformed adults may offer money. Says the manager: "Money can't buy what I need."

Thus, in a single evening, one place-holding detective was able to arrest five girls and nine boys who promised him "the time of your life" when he indicated that he had a supply of narcotics in his hotel room.

Dr. Lowell C. Lowell, the noted British psychiatrist, who recently visited New York's anti-addiction campaign for points on a similar London crusade, said:

"The damage done by these наркотико-содержащие adults is staggering. Unable now to obtain any drugs through the former channels which the police have destroyed, the teenagers will stop at nothing. No authority can estimate the number of youngsters who give their bodies nightly for narcotics. In time, they will be eager to take care."

Surrounded by narcs of all types and the home-port for countless New Yorks, New York City is invaded each night by thousands of men in uniform. Few of these have personal friends or steady girls in Manhattan, the next best to Third Street.

Waiting for them is every possible type of "salvation."

Agid prostitutes openly proposition them in silent corners. Hospital housewives ply them with liquor. The sex-starved unmarried women who abound in Manhattan, follow them. Bush-league dealers in "hot" goods are eager to sell them anything from a "genuine imported cigar" to the latest editions of pornographic books.

They pay heavily — in money and health. New York's newest disease

rates as always among the country's highest, and most of the victims are members of the Armed Forces.

A study of 100 servicemen — V.D. cases, picked at random, showed that 40 of the victims had met their women in the Third Street area. Shaken by this evidence, a New York newspaper editorial warned:

"This obviously contraindicated view clearly proves that the available women frequent the Third Street district are walking death-traps. Our servicemen deserve better protection. To us, the combat census indicates that the policy cannot be probably inadequate."

To-day, Third Street ranks high among the world's headquarters of evil. As the haven for pimps and prostitutes, the open-house for sex and scandal, as the bargeau-boutique for drugs and degenerates, it has well earned the title of Manhattan's Barbary Coast.

Smart girls stay away from it.



the murderers made mistakes

PETER HARGRAVES

THE owner of a service station near Ashville, Ohio, stood at the window and watched the rain patter down on the drive-in. It was an American public holiday, Memorial Day, 1963.

Dusk was falling as the proprietor turned to switch on the lights. Then feet pounded outside on the concrete, and the door was flung open to admit a passing car. It was the passenger's brother, Tilly Smith. He was carrying his two babies in his arms.

To his startled look of inquiry, Tilly Smith burst out: "It's Cleo. She's been shot. Bambi held an up-just after we left here."

Hastily surrounded by the proprietor, a police patrol car from Ashville arrived in a few minutes. Leaving the children at the station, Tilly Smith accompanied the police half a mile down the road to the murder scene.

They found an old truck parked at the side of the road. Lying in the gutter beside it was the body of a young woman. A bullet hole gaped in her forehead, and her face and hair were caked with blood.



It was apparent she had been shot while in the truck. Blood was splattered about the middle of the cabin. On the floorboard, about the opening for the rear door, was a large pool of blood, slowly dripping through to the ground.

At Police Headquarters, Captain W. F. Baker took a statement from the crusty-tempered husband, Tilly Smith.

He told how he left home with his wife and two children late in the afternoon to go visiting. On the way, they stopped at his brother's for a chat and then drove on.

His wife, Cleo, was holding their three-month-old baby in her arms. Their older son sat between them, their eyes set on each other.

About half a mile from the service station, on a lonely back road, two men stepped out of the shadows and seized them to pull up.

As he did so, Smith saw they were armed with revolvers. One remained at the front of the car, while the other came round and ordered Smith to "stick 'em up."

Tilly Smith reached down to the floor for a crutch he kept there. The bandit saw the movement and fled.

Whether just Smith's head, the bandit struck his wife on the temple. She slid to the floor.

The gunman in front shouted in his companion to "get going" and both ran up the road to a parked sedan, which they drove away.

Bambi got out and opened the door to tilt out his wife. He laid her on the ground, grabbed the two children in his arms and ran back to the service station.

All down, Captain Baker and his assistants were out at the scene of the crime. They searched aimlessly but could find no trace of the robbers or described by Smith.

However, in a gully at the side of the road, they found tangled grass suggesting somebody had walked in search for an escaping car.

More important was a pair of goloshes they picked up. They had only recently been discarded and belonged to a woman.

Several further miles, the police detected the imprint of a woman's shoe, the heel sinking deep into the soft ground. They followed them across country a couple of hundred yards till they came out and were lost on a nearby road.

Captain Baker then received some important information from a police patrolman who knew Tilly Smith. It was to the effect that he had seen Smith several times lately in town with a strange, young, dark-haired woman.

Two detectives were sent out to Smith's small farm and brought him in for further questioning.

Baker produced the pair of goloshes. "Ever seen these before?" he asked.

Smith shook his head.

One of the detectives standing round interjected: "You might as well come clean, Tilly," he said. "Who was the woman?"

Baker hesitated, as Baker played his trump card. "Was it the woman you were seen with here in town the other day?" he asked.

From the look on his face, the police knew they had stumbled on the truth. They pressed their advantage with a barrage of questions fired from everywhere round the room. Smith wilted and croaked.

It was a weird story Smith gave, although he insisted it was exactly what had happened the previous night. He now said that the woman who had been seen with him had

The boy was dictating a letter. "Smith, Smith, and Brown, robbers?" He cleared his throat, then continued. "Robbers?" The stern, gruff interrupted. "I beg to differ, sir," she said. "They been all with all of them."

killed her wife, on that fateful day. "I don't know her name, but I think it is Maria," he began. "I don't tell you where she lives, either. She has been married and is part Indian. It was about ten days ago that I saw her. I picked her up after seeing her at the movies. I met her again several times."

Proud of his success as a body-snatcher, Smith claimed the girl had fallen desperately in love with him. "She knew I was married," he said. "But that didn't make any difference to her. She was violently jealous of my wife. She boasted of her Indian blood and threatened me."

"She told me I had to get rid of my wife, or she'd get rid of me."

Smith said that he kept an old gun under the seat of his truck. The girl stood out and stood here taken it. She knew he was going hunting with his wife on the evening of Memorial Day.

On the night of the murder, the girl had snuck out of the bushes,

wore a bandit mask and she had it pointed straight at him, as he stopped. She ordered him out and rained to the back of the truck.

He obeyed and heard a shot. Then he saw the girl running away. He hopped his wife out of the truck, picked up his children and ran back to the service station.

"I didn't know what to say," he concluded. "I was afraid that if I mentioned her she'd kill me too, so I made up the story about the robbers."

Captain Rader gave an order for the girl to be brought to Ardmore. It is not a large town, and it did not take long to discover where she was working as a maid.

The name was John Minnie Lowther. She refused to talk on the way to Headquarters, and even when confronted with Tilby Smith her face was expressionless.

Smith insisted that she was the woman, but the mounted had never seen her before.

Captain Rader ordered Smith to read his own statement aloud in her presence.

As the white man cold-bloodedly passed her as a cruel, calculating killer, the eyes of the Indian girl flamed with hate.

"You scif!" she snarled. "You told me you'd never bring me into it. You men are all alike."

Turning to Captain Rader, the girl went on. "As he talked, I'll tell you the truth. I'm not afraid to die. But before I do I'll see he goes down."

John Lowther's statement told how Tilby Smith had picked her up at the movies ten days before. He begged her to see him again, telling her of differences with his wife.

He promised her everything, saying he was going to poison his wife and stage with the Indian girl to

Florida. The girl had been agreeable. But he left his nerve and the night before the killing he appeared at John's place of employment and gave her the gun, saying simply, "Use this." He detailed the plan whereby she was to step out of the bushes as he drove up with his wife and shoot her.

Smith promised that if anything happened later, he would take all the blame and keep her out of it. Nothing could happen, however, he reassured her, because he would say robbers did it.

The girl explained that she deserved her sentence to run better

when getting out. The gun was hidden in her room, where it was discovered by the police.

Tired for the murder of his wife, Tilby Smith was found guilty and died in the electric chair on August 7, 1931.

The Indian girl, John Lowther, was also convicted, but a recommendation of mercy from the jury saved her from the same fate as her paleface counterpart.

She was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Moundville Reformatory for Women, Ohio, which, she said sadly as she was led away, was a life worse than death.



THE END of Arguments



Is man more intelligent than woman?

Psychologists of the University of California, after conducting an extensive survey, say they are. They found also that men were more courageous, showed the greater emotional balance in crisis, are more logical and less likely to get into debt. Women, according to the psychologists, tend to individualism in marriage, need character, imagination, poise and understanding of the needs of children. Neither sex is a worse loser at sports than the other and there is little difference between them in courage in the face of pain and suffering.

What causes earthquakes?

There are two types of earthquakes—volcanic and tectonic. Volcanic is not so common, nor does it cover as wide an area as tectonic quakes. These latter are caused when two sides of a crack in the Earth's crust rub against each other as one side rises or falls. Usually they occur near large mountain ranges where great weight produces cracks

Congenital or inherited?

What is the difference between congenital and inherited characters? The former is one which is present at birth, but not all congenital characters are inherited. Many defects present at birth are produced by accidents or defects. For example, congenital aphasia is due to an affection which is transmitted from

mother to child, but it is not inherited. Conversely, many inherited characters are not present at birth.

What is the largest structure in the world?

The largest structure in the world is the Great Wall of China. Built more than 2000 years ago as a defense against invading tribes, it contains about 300 million cubic yards of material. It is still standing and is one of the most remarkable achievements of mankind.

What is the gestation period for elephant?

Actually the period is from 15 to 21 months. The African elephant reaches maturity at from eight to 13 years and can live until a very advanced age. A feature of that animal is that Nature has given it its own method of birth control. Because of the action of certain hormones produced during and after pregnancy, female elephants cannot bear again until 3 to 4 months after giving birth.

Does intake of water affect egg production?

When hens do not get sufficient water to drink, they do not lay. No, it is not a stroke of good luck—not a voluntary strike, anyway. The reason is that about 65 per cent of an egg is water. Funny thing, all of the things we eat and drink are mostly water—even beer.



When night falls, Paris comes to life. This dancer in a Parisian night club is the cynosure of all eyes as she dances across the stage. Judging by her costume she could be a fly-by-night star. Nobody, except her the bartender, has them with her. And if no one gives her any flowers, why should she worry? She has three, too. Flowers, birds—what, no boys?



Paris is reviving the city of no exhibition. After dark it really opens its eyes. The stage is set for exploitation. "Where beauty exists, let it be shown," is the uplifting strain adapted by the Parisians. And so you won't get any false impressions, the naked truth is here revealed that Nature is the greatest force in existence.



The same chapter and from the central character illustrates the liberty of expression, of deed—and of thought. At the same time she pays tribute to Miss Liberty of U.S.A., while her co-entertainers symbolize the life of New York. With these damsels as playmates, it is no wonder visitors rubbertoe (or the Americans describe looking spined).

Fifty years of beauty

QUEENS

Girls in the first beauty contest not with denim jeans. Now some girls earn a living from such contests.

MARK PRISTLEY



JUST over fifty years ago a barefooted young Indian paraded shyly past a batch of beauty judges and launched a never-ending modern craze that has set hearts beating faster ever since.

There were over 100,000 "Bharatnatyam," "Durgachowki" kumkum, yelping of maniacal protest. The quiet fact remains that the winner of the world's first recorded beauty contest—at the seaside resort of Folkestone, England—died a spinster and never wore a bathing costume in her life.

Even blues to Britain, the amazing variety of beauty contests has span-

through half-a-century of change and charm. The first contests were everything except make-up—and hair—and the judges were recycled as much by between-and-between, daffily placed, as by hospital gowns.

One of the five girls who once strolled across a platform in a swimming costume—long length—was sharply berated, reproved at her shapely bottom and sent packing.

Ever since the first international winner died tragically in Durban Africa, most people took it for granted that the rest of the beauty contestants were the route of white slavery.

Twenty years ago Missions firmly believed beauty queens are moral deviants and the dubious Miss Europe of 1938 was publicly burned by her church.

Yet more than 2,000 beauty contests will have been held in Britain before the end of this year. More than that number will have been held in U.S.A., and a few will have been held in Australia. Prize money in these contests will total over \$200,000 in England alone. There will be contests for the "Perfect Shape" and the "Most Beautiful Brunette," the usual array of "Swimming beauties," the "Cotton Queen," the "Bikini Queen," plus the usual "Miss Australia," or "Miss U.S.A." and finally a feature of trumpets for "Miss Universe."

In fifty really big contests, the prizes may range from \$1,000 cash to lavish world tours and free trips to Hollywood.

So lucrative are the profits that professional organizers guarantee to stage the contest, provide a panel of famous judges, have the models with a team of celebrity judges and arrange the prizes... all for an audience fee.

It's a strange fact that nearly a hundred beauty titans last year were shared by a dozen girls. With professional contests have come professional beauty queens—corporations charmers who enter big money contests a career—or at least a paying sideline.

Twenty-year-old city types Judy Stevens, for instance, was 1956's Miss Festival of Britain and 1959's Miss Come Amsterdam. Her contract with winning a paragraph round-the-world flight, she became Miss England and then was chosen to spend a week in Tokyo trying for the Miss Europe title.

Many vacation resorts in the season start a Beach Girl every week and a rising of professionals find they can pick up the prizes readily by moving from one town to another.

Beauty-spreading is now assured when the often unscrupulous task of seeking stage and screen jobs.

A girl who was 25 international contests actually received seven hundred proposals of marriage. Not long ago, a beauty competition was won by a woman of fifty.

Despite professional opposition, prizes have been won by housewives, schoolwomen and university students with no sex degree. The professionals just happen to have made prize-winning tougher, that's all.

One section resort regularly suggests that entrants should be made to swim the length of the bath before judging just to prove they're genuine bathing belles. Another town banned perfume bladders. On another occasion, organizers banned the use of cosmetics.

Yet the biggest open-ocean came at a contest when only twenty-three girls out of thirty contestants passed. The others were disqualified or disgraced because, it seems, they had packed out their cosmetics—and even a swimming competition was not a sure test of natural beauty. One girl was even awarded a piece of wood plywood to keep her tummy flat.

Even the bikini, say organizers, is not fireproof and bathing beauty contests are on the decline. In 1954 the chances are that many of the beauty queens will go before the judges in dainty frocks and evening gowns instead of bathing dresses.

One stage farther, in fact, and soon they will be wearing everything except hair... and the kaleidoscope of beauty queens will have spun its full circle.

Crime Capsules

CARD SHARPS

A Chicago firm of manufacturers has, for decades, specialized in making every known kind of card cheating device. Now it has invented its masterpiece—a Card Halberd Machine, which is driven into the trousers. A series of thin machine-welded plates inside the machine, which players touch, can switch cards without being caught—if he has enough practice at it.

COAL STRIKE

It must get cold in Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A. The Camden Coal Company has been rationing coal in the last five years. The company still has not learned to来看看吧。 It sounds of a losing battle because that whenever a robbery has taken place, the beat rings the police and says: "It's not us."

CRIMINAL EXPERTISE

When you have anything to hide, the only thing to do is to hide it. But some people are so wise that they just themselves into trouble. A newspaper photographer took a photo of a man in Washington, U.S.A., and conducted an interview with that man on world affairs. The interviewee stated that "well be a good year for recruits." The next day, police recognized his photo of a man who was wanted for house-breaking and held-up railroad. That

same day, the criminal was in jail.

CUTTING CAPERS

In Russia, a cobbler named Kukushka got tired of cutting leather. He decided to cut human bodies. In short, he became a surgeon. He had no surgical training, but he must have had a natural aptitude for the job, because he worked his way up to chief surgeon at Kiev Hospital. He operated on more than 20 patients before his duplicity was discovered. The discovery followed a bungling in one of the operations.

COURTING CATASTROPHES

Captain William Cranstoun, of Scotland, was fifty years of age and he fell in love with a girl of 18. Her name was Mary Bloody. However, the girl's father would not give his consent to his daughter's marriage. The Captain convinced Miss Bloody that her father's obstinacy was due to disease, as he gave her some "medicines" to give to her parent. Bloody did so and her father died. Cranstoun fled the country with the last francs from the estate, leaving Bloody to face the music. Bloody was hanged. The Captain died before he could be brought to justice and the sole heirs for the Bloody fortune were Cranstoun's legal wife and his son!



Study by Harold Lynn

THE

trap



All the time freight cars lumbered up the heavy grade; the two men doffed from the willow shanty, crawled through the half-open door of an empty boxcar, and crouched posture on the sun-baked floor. One of them was physically ugly, with mud-coloured hair and cruel, glassy eyes. His thick, muscular fingers gripped the handle of a battered breadbox.

The other man was lean, and lean looking. A dirty black stubble covered his weak, unshaven jaw. He fished in the pocket of his coat, drew out a pale flask of whisky, and offered the bottle to the big man. "Have a pull, Charlie," he said obsequiously. "We sure were lucky to hit the railroad just where the grade starts you down."

Charlie reached for the flask. "Take it easy, Beadle," he said. "You're shaking like a willow."

Beadle listened to the hollow of the locomotive's exhaust rolling back over the town. "A killer's bad business," he whined. "Have ten twenty

grand, a killer's bad business."

The big man snarled mutinously. "And who's gonna pay it on us?"

He grasped himself on one elbow, picked up a stool, and began to chew it with his strong white teeth.

"Listen, Beadle," he said. "Somebody paid off a bank robbery and bumps off one of the tellers. When folks read that in their Sunday paper, we'll be up in the next state, and well hid."

He spat out the stool and groped for a cigarette. "These dark corps will be watching the roads, expecting we made mischief in a fast road." He drew twin pits of smoke from his mouth. "Well, Beadle. We've got to resort to the usual old routine," he said.

Beadle sat hunched, knees drawn up to his chin, alone with his nervous thoughts. When he closed his eyes, he could see the teller, hunched up against the door of the old-fashioned safe, grinning wildly at big Charlie's gun hand. Beadle hunched on his stool against the hot crack of

THE SIGNED THE OLD MAN'S DEATH WARRANT.

THEN THEY UNWITTINGLY SIGNED THEIR OWN

DENIS FROSHAM • FICTION

SHEEP'S EYES

Mary had a little lamb —
The boys did not care a jot,
Now Mary's grown and has
two calves —
The lamb now stores a lot.

—AH-EM

Charlie's 32. He saw the dark red, slumped drunkenly to the floor, Soudler held his dry lips and reached for the bottle.

Then it came, electrifying as the thudding piston — a single, dry, rasping cough from the far end of the long, double-decker bazaar. Soudler tensed. His eyes bulged.

"Hell! You got company?" Charlie had the gun in his hand. He rose to one knee, graying with the intensity of the act. He said loudly, "Get on your feet, whatever, you are, and come up here."

Soudler slumped down in the street. "Don't shoot," a whining voice said timidly. "We ain't up there fer."

A shapeless bundle of rags edged out of the gloom and stood before them. There was still enough light to reveal the whitened, monkey face, the bright sunken eyes. The old man couldn't have been a day under sixty.

Soudler tucked his breath as sharply. He saw the faded yellow sandwiches, the worn, cracked slates, the lumpy bedroll draped over the skinny shoulders. "Gloss," he croaked. "A hobo. A hobo bantering a hobo on the railroad."

The old face wrinkled in a double grin. "That's right, gossie, just taking a little pay up north. We used to git no job in the old country."

Charlie's eyes were hard as glass. "Mister, you been saying on us!" The hobo shifted uneasily, watching the gun in the big man's hand. He shook his head. "No, sir; I ain't been saying. You been tryin' back there in the store, mister! me own business!"

Charlie grizzled ominously and twisted back the hammer of the blackened 32. "But you heard our galore, old man; you know what we got to this here bag."

The hobo backed up a step. "I guess I can't hardly hear you follow chewin' the rag."

Soudler glared sharply at the intruder. "Hell! Charlie. What's we gonna do?" He felt a hollow numbness in his stomach when no answer came and looked over, anxious at the pistol. "No, Charlie. Don't shoot. Don't let's have another killer."

Charlie narrowed sharply and hit the smaller man hard on the mouth with his free hand, but Soudler was strong and tough, he clung desperately to the gun. "That's right," he heard the hobo again. "These guys got enough trouble without shootin' up another shouter."

Charlie jerked upright. "What do you mean, we have?" The old man sat down on the bedroll. "It's the door," he said patiently. You folks can't be used to ridin' the freight. You can't only open these doors from the outside!"

He let go of the thick wrist as he felt the darkness go out of it.

"Open up that bedroll," Charlie ordered. "I know you hobos always carry a bit of candle, and we've got to have a light."

The old man slowly opened over the bedroll, found a stub of yellow candle, watched Charlie snap a match and held it to the wick. The big man dripped blobs of wax on the lid of the brief case, stuck the stub of candle straight in it, then passed up at the hobo on the flickering yellow flame.

"Close the door," he said to Soudler. "We don't want no daylight in here to blow our ear."

Soudler got up, went to the sliding door and pushed it closed with hands that were sweating.

Charlie studied the hobo with his cold, glazed eyes. "Old man," he said, "you sure bought yourself a heap of trouble." His dark hand caught the dark arms. "There's a pity I gotta put a slug in you."

Charlie was too smart to let this old guy live to put the knife on him. "But this isn't the place," Charlie was saying. "We gonna walk till we're crossing one of them high bridges before we give it to you."

The old, monkey eyes gleamed in the darkness. Then his lips moved and the words came softly, as Soudler had to strain to hear. "Either way, you know," he said.

Charlie jerked upright. "What do you mean, we have?" The old man sat down on the bedroll. "It's the door," he said patiently. You folks can't be used to ridin' the freight. You can't only open these doors from the outside!"

Soudler sat frozen with the shock of it.

Charlie sat on his feet, he rushed to the door, opened his palms on its smooth, steel-legged surface, and forced with all his strength. The thick door wouldn't budge. It was severely locked by the iron padlock that dropped into its slot when tripped as the door slid shut. And the big, unshaped handle was on the outside.

Soudler rushed to join Charlie and together they kicked and pounded at a vain effort to slide open the door.

"We're out," Soudler sobbed at last. "We're locked in till they open up the outside when we reach the city."

Charlie's face was a white, fear-stricken mask. He knew now there'd be no stealthy dragging from the basement to the highest as they crawled slowly through the freight yards. He knew also that armed railroad police searched the freight at the terminals whenever a train slowed, was old. Only he heard the thin piping voice of the old hobo. "Gossie you folks are in deep enough without havin' a rifle or knife with you when they open her up. Shootin' me would be just plain badmash."

Suddenly something snapped inside Charlie and he began to laugh hysterically. "Well," he agreed, choking as he said it. "Shootin' you would be downright foolishness."

The candle flickered and went out. The freight roared on through the night and the big bows threatening sideways spang glistening silver arcs as it arrowed for a bracelet of lights glittering on the northern horizon. When the winding line of the wheels came whipping back, one of the three men trapped in the boxcar prodded his withered, monkey face and shrieked snuffily to himself in the darkness.

A. E. YARRA • FICTION

DEATH had a GUN



WE were a hundred miles from water, in the centre of the stark, drought-killed country. Heeler, my blue cattle dog, Dinky, the saddle horse, and Bob, the packhorse. There was a dead ewe in the native well, the last of three which had been undrinkable, and there was nothing in the few oil drums on the pack saddle or the canvas bag slung from Dinky's neck.

I rode to the top of a big mound and from there could see a dark, shadowy line that might be trees, near water, at the foot of a line of hills, and at the mouth of what seemed to be a gorge.

It turned out to be a dry creek bed coming out of the gorge, with a rock bottom, and a few trees. About a quarter of a mile up the gully Bob, the packhorse, started trying to paw a hole in the creek bottom, apparently having sought water underneath. But

WHEN A DEAD MAN POINTS A GUN AT YOU,
YOU NEED GREAT CONTROL OVER YOUR MIND.

Heeler, the blue cattle dog, knew a quicker way. Follow the bank. So he darted in every time the packhorse stopped, and napped each hoof in turn, and laid flat on his belly to avoid the kick that flared out as Bob galloped his pace.

Another quarter of a mile along the bottom of the gully I could see ahead where it opened out into a plain, and there was the house. A bleak, bark-horsehead sealed to poles and shingled at me through two glassless windows that looked like evil eyes. Four rooms and a kitchen, with the front door open, showing a narrow passage between walls of bark and poles, with northern floor, divid-

ing the house into two. There was a well inside the grounds.

I pulled over to the shoulder fence and yelled. There was no answer.

I yelled three times, and then saw dust rising about a quarter of a mile away, where the gorge opened out on a plain.

"Dance for the horses," I told myself. I spewed the spitballs, wound up a couple of buckets from the well, and gave the horses and the dog as much as they would drink.

I was wiping my mouth after taking a long, cool drink, when a shell vase started me.

"Okey, you're fallen!"

I looked up and saw a tall, good-



THE people of Edinburgh are very proud of the cleanliness of their city, as an American recently discovered. The York who stood on a street corner waiting for a girl friend. He pulled out a packet of cigarettes, lit the last one on the packet, and casually tossed the empty packet in the gutter. A Scott without part stopped, picked up the screwed-up packet and said to the American: "Is this yours?" The astonished New Yorker answered: "Yes, why?" The local said: "I merely wanted to point out the fact that nobody else in this city wears it." The visitor took the empty packet and put it in his pocket.

handsome young woman standing in the doorway. She had black eyes and hair, and a voluptuous mouth, with a figure emphasising her bust and hips, dressed in shabby judgements and the short. Good looking, I thought, but there was something in her big black eyes I didn't like, though at the time I couldn't fathom it.

"Good day, Missus," I said, respectfully. "I'm looking for water for a couple of marmots. They'll pay good money. Is your husband about?"

She didn't answer for a bit, but stood there, looking me over with a sort of speculative air, and I remembered with a pang of fear that she'd been watching me, apparently, out of one of those dead men's eyes of windows, without letting me. I repeated my question.

"He isn't well," she said. "He's like down. Come in, sir. I'll get you something to eat. You can washable and come out when you've ate."

I sat on a slat form at a slat-and-back table in a kitchen that was simply tank and panel, and ate canned beef and pickles and sauerkraut that the guy for me out of a salt crock of salami stretched over pasta. She sat

on a slat stool on the other side of the table, silent, watching me out of her big black eyes while I ate myself as full as a wool tale, and drank hot-warm tea from a porcelain cuppa from a black ballyhoo over a fire in a back chimney.

When I was too full to hold any more I said to her: "What's wrong with your husband, Missus?"

"He's dead," she said. "He cut his throat this morning. He was always a bit heavy like, and lately he's been bitter that I was carrying on with one of the girls he used to mix with all off the Plain Station, on the other side of the mountains. Last night he threatened to cut his throat, for about the一万-yen price. So I invited him the room and told him to get it over with, instead of talking about it so much. This morning when I went in to wake him . . . I have tried to knock my horns all the morning to go for help, but the door won't open. You better take a look at him. He's in there, on the bed."

She motioned towards the back door which I uncurled leg to the kitchen.

Call me a coward if you like, but

I admit that by the time she'd finished, the packages I held were resting on the back table and I was in a state approaching nausea to greater than I've ever been in my life before or since. You must remember that I was a mere kid, just turned eighteen, and though there were few men better able to handle the job I was on in country to which I'd been born and bred, I had no experience with strange females or murderers, or, it occurred to me, murderers.

Was this woman a murderer? I asked myself, really. She had gunk in her eyes, and her story of the suicide of her husband was a bit too matter of fact for me. No teeth or hygienic from a plain, salley, frightened girl, sick and scared, like a really good girl. It was odds she'd batcheted him, and was on a spot for my arrival. I took a firm grip of myself and told myself that to lose my nerve would be the end of me.

I got up, carefully, watching her, and without I had the idea that was on the packages. I pulled the string of government that tilted the wooden latch, and shoved the door inward, held my breath, clamped my teeth.

And there he was, prostrated out on a simple back bunk, covered with a sheet that was stained with dried blood. On the sheet was a patch of blood that had seeped into the earth, but was still moist. A hairy arm stained with blood, bent down from the bed, and just beneath the fingers was a pearl-handled knife case, on the floor. It was stained red. The head of the dead man hung grotesquely over the edge of the bunk, showing clearly brains, and the hand had red stains.

I froze in my tracks, but could not take my eyes away for seconds.

It was the first time I'd looked on a dead human, and the sight was far too shocking to leave me normal. After perhaps a half dozen seconds I threw backwards over my shoulder: "When did you find him like that, Missus?"

There was no answer.

I looked around. The woman was gone.

I stepped out of the death chamber, backwards, and shut the door. She was not in the kitchen. I heard hoof-beats from the back of the house, and ran to the open back door.

She was mounted on Daisy Bell, chasing Bob the packhorse away with a stockwhip.

I yelled. She turned the horse, and started back at me, as I stood there still suffering from shock. "You walk there. I'm gone for help!"

Then she grabbed Daisy Bell with the single spur, and was galloping along the gorge towards the junction with the plain.

I started after the packhorse and then got a vision of myself chasing a woman through the scrub in cattle drivers' country, and the packhorse for whom she'd killed the cattle taking a shot at me from cover, and removing a witness for the Crown—the only witness.

I stood awhile and cold reason told me to go back to the house and sit down and finish my meal, wait till they came back, which ought to convince anybody of my innocence.

So I went back to a slaty pine to the back kitchen and sat on the slat form with my back to the wall of back and poles, and tried to shake the tea that was left in the teacup. When I was for a nail, I dropped the possible from my shaking hand into the fire.

Back at the table I tried to think,

but wouldn't say anything except the busters put on my track, chasing me back to the Island. I'd half made up my mind to try to reach the Police Station at Wainwright, and give the information to the Sergeant there, when a nervousness of the back door of the den, never caught my eye.

My hair seemed to leap right off my head. The shock cured my confusion and left me stiff with fear. While I watched, paralysed, the nozzle of a rifle was poked slowly through the opening between the door and the wall. This was followed by the red-scented head and shoulders of the dead man. When the rifle was pointing straight at me, the corpse stepped into the kitchen, and stood erect, a thin old man with a scraggy, grey beard, where it wasn't streaked red. He was holding a magazine rifle as a kangaroo shoots down at the moment when he is within range and is waiting for the fox to stand still before shooting at him.

I stared, frightened, at his eyes, little, reddish patches with a dull glow in them, and remembered that the women had said he was burning.

I was still frozen with horror when the agonizing spoke. "You still, ay you won't get hurtin' me," he said, in a short trill. "She's gone for fancy men, just as I planned for her to. The brutes. They'll come back to bury me, ay I'll drink 'em both. I knowed she was in-a-sett' with one of 'em, but I couldn't find out which, though I found 'em. So I kill a critter in the scrub, knockin' the blood as a broken splasher at about a bil, dy' em, ay pile the pack on the windpipe where old bone like I've cut and shovet from skin to sin, ay' waste under the sheet till she comes in with the breakfast to wake me in the mornin' of y' eve. She lets

out a yell, drops the plate, ay' looks to knock her brains, which I heard her sayin' you won't be out. She wants to go straight to her fancy place, if y' see, ay' fetch him here. The bitch. That's what I nominated name-cade for, if y' see and Y' can't best an old hand for thinkin' a thing like that out, son."

While he was talking he was following the rifle, with the barrel pointed my way. He sat down on the step that led from the bedroom to the passage, and with the shaft of the light on him I could see his eyes glinting with madness. He was burns all right, just be know how to use a rifle.

I decided to try to talk him out of it. "What will you do when they get back?" I asked.

He quivered hideously, and I saw a red blaze in the little eyes.

"I got two shots in the magazine," he said. "I'll put a couple in each, to make sure. The others'll do for now! you carry out where, son."

Another short bit run like a bullet. "Orders?" I said. "What have I got to do with 'em?"

"You're the one that bothers 'em," he said. "I got a steady buck since I got fell on a bear. I can't see anything better than a rifle. You bury 'em. Then you won't get hurtin' none. I got a pick ax stored in the back room, there."

The ghost sat there on the step, chewing tobacco, and splitting the jaws in the dirt of the earth floor, glistening with his beard streaked with wife's blood.

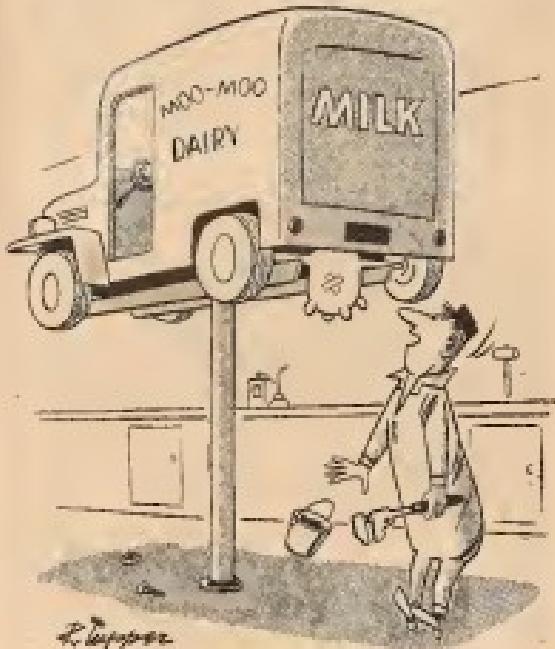
I could see myself belittling while the busters surrounded double number and then stood over me while I dug their grave and rolled them into it. The only thing I could do was to shout a warning when they approached the door. Held sheet

Nothing more. He was mad, and in the murmur mood. But if I ducked under the table before . . .

No. The way he held the rifle told me he was an expert. Held out flat, under the table or over it. Ducked out of his grip. I'd take a cut on the stomach who touched him,

He sat there and watched me out of those little red eyes.

And at last I heard the distant脚步声, steadily drawing nearer, and saw Old Man Death ride in his feet, the rifle held at the ready. A sideways glance at me, only twelve feet from the snare of his gun. He spat tobacco juice and seemed to settle himself on his special seat. Not far from the date through which they'd come.



"You keep quiet," he said, in a deadly tone.

The hoodlums drove slower and slower on the track that passed the house-in front. A wild hogs kept me to my belief that they would come in through the open front door, and then force Death to turn his back to me and give me a chance to throw the hot plate at his head and upset his aim while I jumped him from behind.

But no such luck. I heard them galloping through the opening of the blinds and pull up outside the back door. There was silence for a few moments, apparently while they were running to the house.

Then I heard them outside the door, the voice of the woman, and that of a man.

"Don't come in! He's waiting to kill you with a gun!" I yelled in a strangled scream.

The madman spat a stream of tobacco juice, raised the rifle to his shoulder and took slow and deliberate aim at my chest as Heeler crept silently from the step behind him and slipped him smoothly on each hand as tame. Heeler made no sound.

Old Man Death dropped his gun. I jumped out, caught it up, and covered Old Man with it while he hopped round the floor, dodging his hands and cursing.

Heeler crouched between him and me, keeping him at a safe distance.

The world was spooked round me as I backed towards the door and lifted the latch with a hand behind me, and covered Old Man Death with the rifle, while Heeler worked him towards me as though he were a bullock that had had a truncheon from a good cattle dog and wanted to go where the dog wanted him to go. He had his hands in the air and his red eyes on the dog, and he kept lifting

his feet like a horse with the strangest balls.

"When we were all outside I spoke over my shoulder to the pair where I had aimed,

"There was no answer.

The madman spoke, short, sharp, snappy.

"They've gone! Cleared! Vacated! Run or have both of 'em".

I worked myself round him as I could see without giving him a chance to pounce on me as he was trying something. Then I saw that it was true. They'd gone, both on one horse, apparently, when I started to warn them. They'd mounted away, leaving Dandy Bell tethered with sweet, still dripping foam like soap suds, as she stood with legs apart, breathing in gags.

"Watch him, Heeler," I said to the dog, and Heeler gave me a grin which was an assurance that he'd see that the madman kept his place. He walked round him, white teeth showing, eyes eager for a chance to try him, while I filled the oil drums from the well, rubbed down Dandy, packed the remainder of the meat basket and packed on my mackinaw, and turned the carriage's ribs down the well. I cracked aboard Dandy, with my own rifle in one hand, and said to the dog: "Lead 'em, boy!"

Heeler darted in, gave Bob, the packhorse, a kick, and till swiftly on his belly to let the flying horses pass over his hand.

As I rode past the front of the collapsing bark house towards the Pinnacles, Old Man Death poised his hand out of a window and watched us.

"Next time I come across that damn dog, I'll shoot him," he shouted.

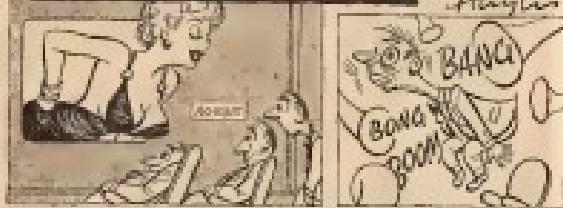
Heeler showed his teeth in a soundless laugh and looked at me as much as to say: "Oh, yeah?"



"I've never gone the full 28 holes—it always gets dark before I finish."

Cavalcade Comment

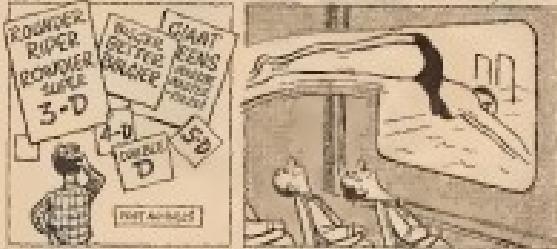
By
our gallant
correspondent
Hayles



HOLLYWOOD, WHICH HAS ALREADY PRESENTED US WITH THE INDOUBTABLE DELIGHTS OF 3-D, THE STAGGERING, STUPENDOUS SURGE OF STEREOSCOPIC SOUND.

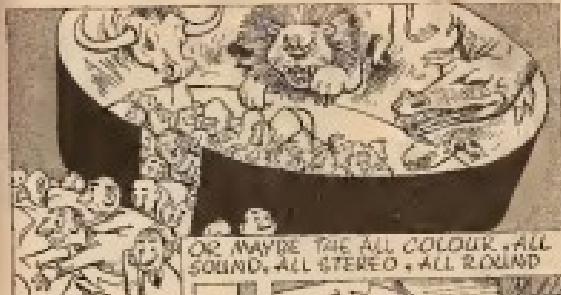


AS WELL AS THE PEERLESS PASSION OF PARADIGMIC PULCHRITUDE



BUT NOW IT SEEMS, WE
CAN EXPECT EVEN—

MISS WILLIAMS DINING INTO, AS
WELL AS OUT OF THE SCREEN . . .



OR MAYBE THE ALL COLOUR, ALL
SOUND, ALL STEREO, ALL ROUND



AEROSPHERES WILL LEAVE US LITTLE TO LOOK FORWARD TO



EXCEPT, POSSIBLY, OUTRIGHT AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION.

STRANGER

*St and
Stranger*



SMOKE SAVIOR

A cigarette case with a time lock on it prevent the owner from smoking too much has been invented by a man in U.S.A. There is a watch mechanism in the bottom of the case which keeps it locked for regular periods determined by the owner. The watch mechanism is stopped when the case is opened, so that the time limit cannot be circumvented by keeping the case open. The inventer claims that, by this means, a man cannot get a cigarette. What about smoking now if your time has all expired?

SYNTHETIC SINGER

Manchester University's electric brain has been taught to sing "God Save the Queen." No, it is not done by means of a recording hidden in the machine. The brain was given a coded version of the song, which it presented to a speaker, and then constructed the necessary waveform to give effect to its interpretation. The brain can also diagnose trouble inside itself and report exactly what has gone wrong. Now they are working on the brain in an effort to teach it to replace faulty mechanism within itself.

SPORTING SPECIALIST

The editor-in-chief of a leading newspaper in U.S.A. handed out his sports writers for their mobility in

picking winners at the race meetings. Any horse, he contended, is exactly as good as his heart. He could easily pick the winner of any race if he were supplied in advance with an array of the horses' hearts. He stated he would prove it by selecting the winner of the Kentucky Derby. So he sent a reporter to Kentucky to take the necessary pictures. The reporter could not get them, but, rather than risk the editor's anger, he took the required number of x-rays of the heart of an animal and wrote the name of a Derby entrant on each photo and passed them to his boss. The editor made his selection from the photographs, had it inserted in the newspaper—and it won. He still does not know of the trick played on him.

SAVING SWEAT

A Los Angeles business man has invented a hospital bed that will save nurses a lot of work. The bed is so equipped that a patient can roll over every while and arrange his own comfort by the pressing of various buttons on a panel alongside the bed. He can move the bed, lift the section under his head, swing a leg past him, raise up a wash basin (with hot and cold water). Nor can he control only the bed. Other buttons adjust the window shades and lights in the room. Who wants a job as a nurse?

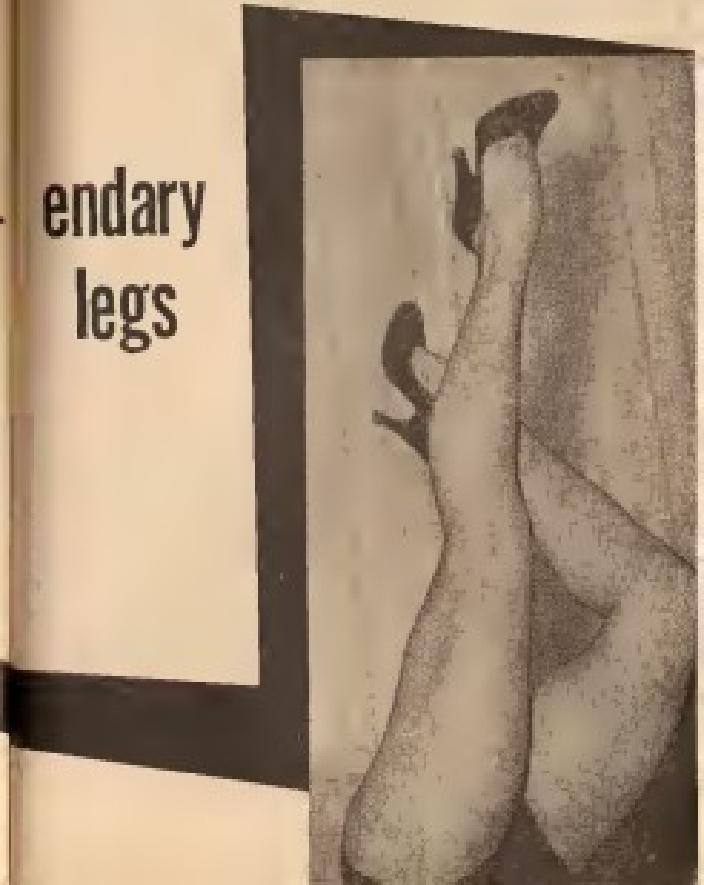


"He has my confidence, admiration, and respect
in other words, I don't like him."



leg-endary legs

Here is another view of Coleen's limbs. They certainly are perfect. Coleen made her film debut in "Moulin Rouge" and proved to be an good an actress as she is a dancer. With those expressive legs, she could steal many a scene. Here she is telling of an exhilarating flight upward—a ballerina's fulfillment of the inspired rocket. Men! we break into the conversation?



Latherine looks are always attractive—and very expressive. The power of this person says she can tell a story with her legs, and, judging by the look of those tresses, it would be a perfect story. Here she is portraying a worldly woman. Her legs are reputed to be the most beautiful in the world. Who is she? No, not Dietrich or Betty Grable. She is ballerina, Coleen Marchand.



Here is the rest of her—and the rest is every bit as good as the first. Look at that nice body, that brain! *Fab!* It was stated on page 32 that her legs can tell a story. That's a correct. With those gorgeous gams she can delineate every domestic pose and every delicate nuance—without words.

14 CAVALCADE October, 1958

pointers

to better health

INGESTION

Ingestion is very common with people in all conditions—even trained athletes. It may be due to simple fatigue. It may be a symptom of some deep-seated trouble. The chief causes are: Unbalanced diet; constipation; eating too quickly; irregular eating; eating when疲倦 (tired); insufficient motivation; overeating because after a meal eating becomes easier with a cramped stomach, i.e., not eating up straight when eating. Meals should be taken at the same time each day and at regular intervals. Nothing should be eaten between meals. If you cannot pour hot boiling liquids and you still suffer from indigestion, see your doctor.

BRAIN SURGERY

Experiments are being made to cure cerebral palsy, epilepsy and other brain ills, by the removal of diseased brain cells by surgery so that their functions may be taken over by the nearby healthy cells. Dr. Robert W. Doty, of Utah University, is in charge of experiments. So far these experiments have only been made on cats. Sections of the visual centers of the brains of animals were removed and Dr. Doty noted the speed with which the brain reorganized and new cells learned

their duties of those which were lost. Dr. Doty hopes it will not be long before similar operations are performed on humans in order to cure brain disease and brain injury.

NEW NOSES

Dr. Joel Potrowitz, of the California University, has developed a new technique in making new, or remodeling crushed noses. He uses a Nitinol mesh—a fine metallic screen—which can be moulded and implanted within the nose to take the place of crushed nasal bone. In time, fibrous tissue grows into the mesh, firmly fixing the metal implant. In some cases a small sheet of titanium is used instead of the mesh. The fibrous tissue tends to form a firm basis for the shape of the nose, so that the metal sheet may later be removed.

DENT FOR FALSE TEETH

Even false teeth need a good diet, according to Dr. Dorothy F. Reddick, of Minnesota School of Dentistry. This is because diet affects the gums and bone around the teeth. She says: "We all need to eat highly nutritious meat, milk, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables and whole grain and enriched cereals in proper quantities. We should all use sparingly the various kinds of sweets."



From the blood-stained pages of past history there are few stories of a woman's revenge as dark as that of Paryatis.



Her Persian Claws

... were sharp

ERIC SPARKS

CUNNING and cruelty combined to make Paryatis a powerful force in the city of Persia, ancient Persia. When she had her enemies in her grasp, she displayed her own special talents—a talent for devising torturing tortures.

The most savage of her personal vengeance against those she hated arose from the clash between her two oldest sons, Artaxerxes and Cyrus. Artaxerxes was heir to the throne but his mother conspired to have Cyrus, her favorite, given the crown.

Unaware of her efforts, the old

king Darius, on his deathbed, had Artaxerxes proclaimed king and gave Cyrus the job of satrap of Lydia, a post which would keep him away from Persia.

Before long Cyrus was plotting with his mother to kill his brother. When the king went on a pilgrimage to a temple at Pasargadae, where priests were to hold a ceremony to consecrate his kingship, Cyrus lay in wait in the temple. But an informer turned the king and Cyrus was apprehended.

Artaxerxes was about to put his brother to death when Paryatis rushed forward, wrapped her arms around Cyrus, and pleaded for his life. Moved by her eloquence, the king set Cyrus free.

Cyrus was far from grateful. He waited no time in raising an army, including mock fighting contingents from Sparta, and marched almost to Babylon before Artaxerxes decided to act.

"You have saved the life of Cyrus so many times that he might plunge us all in war and trouble," Queen Darius told bluntly.

Darius was a beautiful woman, well-loved by the king, and popular with the people.

Paryatis was already jealous of her influence with the king and, after the argument on the eve of battle, she hated Darius for deriding at the earliest opportunity.

The king met Cyrus at a place called Cunaxa, near Babylon, and surprised him with the speed and surprising efficiency of his attack.

Cyrus plunged into the fray on his horse, shouting out his brother. He broke through the king's bodyguard, drove his lance with such force that it fell from his horse. The lance struck the king in the chest, penetrating his armor and inflicting a deep, but not fatal wound.

Becoming a new recruit, but aware his distinguishing lance, Cyrus rode back into the ranks. A young Persian, Mithridates, running by his side but not knowing who he was, flung a spear at Cyrus which entered one of his temples near his eye. Blood gushed out and Cyrus crashed from his horse.

Mithridates secured the bloodstained trappings from the horse,

When Cyrus came to, he was helped

to his feet by some of his followers. The day to ride, he was being reported as he walked, when a rascally Persian escape-follower ran up behind him and cut open the vein under his knee. Cyrus fell again, this time breaking his wounded temple on a rock, and died.

The news of his brother's death was brought to the king. Mithridates produced the trappings from the horse, Mankutton, the king's servant, cut off the head of Cyrus and delivered it to his master. Setting it by the side, the king displayed it about the battlefield. This ended the fight, and Artaxerxes secured victory.

The king was overjoyed. He caused the story to be spread that he had killed Cyrus by his own hand when they met in personal combat.

But he rewarded lavishly the three men involved in the death of his opponent, with the last understanding that the gifts were to buy their silence. The proudest gift went to the poor Corin who had been serving Cyrus. Mithridates' slave don had剖去 his tongue, and Mankutton who had cut off his head.

The queen, mother set out on a relentless campaign of revenge. The Corin was the first.

He was dethroned by the robes bestowed on him and his visibility got the better of his common sense. Mithridates had been given the greater rewards and they led the Corin to make a foolish claim that it was he and he alone that had killed Cyrus. The king argued by the fact the man was speaking at a time when he wanted the world to believe he had killed Cyrus himself, advised that the Corin be beheaded.

The king handed the Corin over to the tender muscles of the queen mother. The tortures were instructed,

and they were carefully supervised in their work by Parusia, to stretch the Ganga at the rock for two days. Then her red fire eyes, red dress and bangles burst into her eyes till she died.

The Carian disposed of, Parusia turned her attention to Mithridates. She set a trap.

Mithridates was hunting in a forest. He was dressed in the clothes and golden ornaments he had received from the king. The servants of Parusia pelted him with darts. They pushed him, inflicted fire-eyes, etc., tying with wine, he began to howl.

"I am worthy of much greater gifts than these for what I did that day on the battlefield," he said.

One of the servants said: "There wasn't anything remarkable about finding some trinkets that had slipped down a horse and giving them to the king."

"I was the man who inflicted Cyrus, I and no one else," cried Mithridates.

Parusia reported to the king what Mithridates had said. The death sentence passed, she arranged for Mithridates a stately bier known to the Persians as "the bane."

It consisted of putting Mithridates in one boat-shaped box and clamping another of the same size on top. His head, hands and feet were left outside. Before his body was sealed up, it was decorated in a mixture of milk and honey. Then the mixture was also smeared over his face.

Before long his face, exposed to the blinding sun, was covered with myriads of bees. Inside the box prince, etc., etc., and other vermin were attracted by the milk and honey. Gradually their began to eat him alive, burrowing into his flesh.

It took Mithridates 17 days of incredible suffering to die.

Aiming now at getting Massabata in her power, she prepared another of her traps. Challenging the king to play dice for 2000 dinars, she let him win and paid up immediately, acting as if she were greatly concerned at her loss.

Loungingly, she asked for her revenge and requested that the stroke be a servant. The king agreed.

Parusia made sure that she was well informed that Massabata be delivered to her. Not suspecting her intention, the king sent her to her.

The servant was handed to the executioner with even more of Parusia's detailed instructions. He was flogged above, his body pinned on three stakes, and his skin stretched on other stakes nearby.

The king was angry when he discovered what had happened and reproached her for what she had done. But Parusia knew how to handle her men. She laughed at his reproofs, asking him what sort of a king he was to be worrying about the death of one "humble servant" when she had lost 2000 dinars of gold but was not making a fuss about it.

Reckless, he had been duped, the king had the master flogged up. But the anger of his wife, Statira, brought her son into conflict with the queen-mother who decided that the time was ripe to dispose of the bane and last victim on her son.

For Statira she chose a nice sharp poison. The question was, how to administer it. The two women sat together from the same dishes and from the same parts of them to make sure that one could not poison the other.

The queen-mother was equal to the occasion. She removed one side of the sweet knife with poison and left

the other side unpoisoned. When she sliced a piece of meat, she gave to Statira the portion laced with the poison.

Dying in terrible agony, Statira accused Parusia before the king, who was at last moved to action against his mother. He put all her servants on the rock, and sentenced her favorite queen-mother, Guna, to death for her part in the crime.

But the king could not bring himself

to harm his mother. Her punishment was banishment to Babylon.

So great was her hold over him that before many years had passed, he was reconciled to her and she returned to keep herself in his favor by harboring him in everything he desired.

There is no evidence that she paid for her treason, or died from any other cause but old age.



The Mexico earthquake killed 20,000 in the first 30 seconds and cost the lives of forty per cent of the population.

THOUSANDS . . .



... died in seconds

ATHOL FREDRICKS

At the American newspaper "World-News" sailing through the streets of Mexico, early in the morning of December 21, 1957, the captain felt the ship give a gigantic lurch under his feet. He was about to sound the alarm, expecting to find that his vessel was aground on some treacherous shoal, when he noticed that they were moving steadily up.

It had been a quiet wave rolling

underneath the hull, the captain recalled. And he knew enough about the Mexican straits to worry about the cause of it.

Shortly afterwards, as he brought his ship into Mexico harbour, he saw that his hunch had been right. The shores of Italy and Sicily bordering on the narrow strip of water between them had been brutally raped by an earthquake. Before his eyes and that of the silent ship's crew, Mexico, the

prosperous capital of Italy, lay in its own blazoned funeral pyre.

The whole shoreline was hidden in a籠籠 layer of dust and smoke, while flames leaped angrily out of the earth as they devoured the ruins of Mexico. About 80 of every hundred buildings had been reduced to a pile of rubble by a great earthquake shock which had rumbled underground, afterwards in a circle, from some point under the sea offshore.

Of the scores and scores of palatial ceremonial buildings and stuccoed houses nothing remained. In 30 seconds the quake had utterly destroyed every building in the shore area except the Archbishop's Palace and two banks.

As hospitals and bands of terrified citizens went ashore to help the stricken city, they turned their heads away from the flaming battles that torched against the base of the gulf. The sea had risen up into a crashing wave that completed the destruction the quake had started, and the harbour was shaken with grisly wreckage.

The exact time of the shock was recorded in observatories all over Europe. It was 1 hour, 20 minutes and 11 seconds after midnight—or shortly after 11 hours Greenwich mean time. By then the world knew tragedy had befallen the city. Warships raced immediately from ports all over the Mediterranean—British, Belgian, German and Spanish.

As rescuers picked their way into the city they heard no sound but the moaning and groans of the thousands of injured trapped under every building. In other streets there was nothing but an ominous silence, broken by the soft splash of rain which started soon after the shock.

Farther away from the centre of

the city hundreds of survivors staggered aimlessly, many streaked into madness by the hideousness of the quake. Many were dazed, and others were stark naked.

Loss of life was horrific. Over 20,000 of the total population of 200,000 perished in Mexico alone, while another 12,000 were crushed to death in the provinces. Over 40% of the population were dead.

There were bodies underneath every pile of rubble, in every street, in every corner. With them were scores still living, awaiting untold release.

As soon as the news reached Rome, King Victor Emmanuel left for Italy. In the days that followed he and his Queen visited side by side with relief and hospital workers. The King made a personal gift of \$20,000 lire to buy food and clothing for the victims.

It took two days to piece the most tragicomic of stories together, for the survivors could give no coherent account of it. One group of shivering, naked Mediterraneans were found wandering aimlessly 20 miles away across the island, with not the slightest idea of how they got there.

The British Consul, Mr. Ogden, gave one of the first personal accounts. He and his family were sleeping on the top floor of a tall building where they lived when the city was convulsed. His wife roused him and told the Consul to bring their infant daughter to safety while she clasped their other children downstairs to safety.

Then the roof fell in as he held the baby in his arms, and he fell with her into a mass of瓦砾. An hour and a half later he recovered consciousness to find himself staggering about the bare streets, still clutching the child. His wife and other children

by buried under the piles of stone and timber.

Sgtor. Berger, a Public Official, was one of the handful of survivors from the plain Hotel Trieste. He was awakened by an unearthly rumble and a tremendous dash of lightning. As he dragged himself up from sleep the first shock nearly threw him out of bed. As he put his feet to the floor the building was torn in pieces, and he fell underneath the wreckage, unconscious. When he recovered he was pinned under feet of rubble. Over his face was draped a heavy carpet. Undeterred, he crawled through it with his teeth until he had a large enough hole to shout through for help and rescue.

Rapallo, across the strait on the mainland of Italy, was another wracked city. Here, the entire city had been thrown about and dumped in a different shape. The centre of the town had dropped below sea level and was under water, while those were held a short distance away which had not been there minutes before.

A workman, heading for his job in Messina, was just stepping on to the ferry at Rapallo when the shock struck. The water suddenly rushed away, dumping the ferry 2 feet to the harbour floor, and then swept back with such force that it tore the wheel to pieces and threw the ferry on top of it.

Among the dead was the American consul and his family. In the ruins of the Hotel Trieste were found the bodies of several women who had jumped out the windows to certain death.

Investigation by rescue parties showed that for 11 miles round Messina the ground had been torn up

and the outline of the landscape altered beyond recognition. Charred and scorched the ground, railway tracks were scorched like spaghetti over the fields, and roads had vanished. Farms were wrecked, and the plight of one local peasant, who sent a telegram to Rome, was summed up nicely. He remained because his town had vanished completely.

Many had strange escapes. In Messina, Professor Pelti found himself sitting in the ruins of a little apartment house completely inundated by the tide, which had come in and formed a tiny pool. Another man was dug out alive after eight days' imprisonment without food or water. A baby survived four days' burial.

Inevitably, gangs of looters roamed the town and for weeks police shot on sight. The ladies of these vultures were added to the huge piles of dead, where only burial was to be afforded with quicklime, damaged on ships and barges, and stuck in the sea walls off Sicily.

Practical studies of relief work opened the parsons of charity all over the world. Every European country contributed food, clothing, and funds. As the ships piled in in the ravaged cities of Messina and Reggio harbours of starving, uncomplaining destitutes swarmed round them, begging bread and water.

The disaster was an example of the need for the Red Cross and other like international organizations, for then there was no nation home ready to move into action at an hour's notice. The 1000 men who fled it was given to a woman. Even the "Times" correspondent observed that "lady nurses are more a hindrance than a help to the authorities." How wrong were those words has been proved since.



"David is an awfully nice person — when he's single."



S

saucy sirens

of the S silver screen

WITHIN six years a basic commodity of the screen, there have been four principal types of siren: the Venus, created by Theda Bara, the H. girl, exemplified by Clara Bow, the Cleopatra girl, typified by Ann Sheridan, and the class-clad, modern pulchritude, created from Betty Grable to Marilyn Monroe.

Pola Negri belonged to the Venus era. The prettiest Venus reigned in the '20s, and though her reign was not long she was magnificent while it lasted.

Aged 21 now, she was born in Poland and dedicated to the Russian Imperial Ballet.

After her dancing days the pretty Polish creature, still a young lion, became a dramatic success on the stage in Europe. She appeared in a few films, too, one of which, "Fuscia," was directed by Ernst Lubitsch in Germany a couple of years before he went to Hollywood. She was about 11 then, and it was "Fuscia," in 1926, that introduced Pola Negri to America.

Quaintly she was a great star, a wobbly siren, dark, sticky, stylized, sleepy-lidded, sensiblering, saucy-pouting pantomime, limited at the start and end of a tempest.

In Hollywood she blossomed in



such films as "A Woman at Thirty," "Three Smart," "Love of an Ari-

son," "The Secret Hour."

After the actress learned to talk she made "A Woman Commando," but though she knew how to use her voice she encountered difficulties of language and pronunciation. In 1931 she retired from the screen and returned to Europe to live.

In 1933 she emerged from retirement to do a supporting role in "Hi Diddle Diddle," filmed from the Broadway musical, and did it very well. A few years ago living in the U.S., she wrote her autobiography, "As Much as I Dare," but she didn't dare use her.

When a reigning star she quizzed a reporter. In that she gleefully quizzed others, but Pola married three, a baron, a count and a prince.

Another man in her life was Valentine. He was reported to be madly in love with Pola at the time of his death, and she was supposed to be the mysterious Woman in Black who made anniversary pilgrimages to his statue.

On the day of Valentine's funeral she found 10 news photographers waiting outside her house when she went home to attend the funeral. They thought she would have made a more impressive entrance and asked her to go back and do it again.

And with the unquenchable instinct of a matador enterprising she obligingly did so.

Whatever a sportman does, a cry is raised, "Sport is killing our youth!"

should

SPORT

be

BANNED

?

RAY MITCHELL



SPOT, as various forms, has been used from the beginning of time and it is a safe bet that it always will exist. The day sport is eliminated the world will end, with not a breath of life in the Universe.

There are three types of thought regarding sport. There are people who treat sport as a religion. To them it is the most important feature of life. A second group is the couch potatoes in its slaves. They regard sport as a waste of time, as a means of destroying youth by death or injuries incurred in their sport or sports. Finally, there is the third

group to which all retired heroes belong—the group which says sport is essential to the welfare of the community.

Sport is not the beginning and end of existence. Other things are of equal value and, in certain instances and events, those things must take precedence. But, in all phases of life, in all states of world economy, in peace or in war, sport is essential, even if relegated to background training and relaxation.

But the greatest value of sport comes in the physical fitness which is necessary in order to become alert

in the open air. Physical culture has many beneficial effects on the body. Briefly, it exercises the blood correctly, assists the breathing, tones stomach, sharpens the reflexes, aids digestion, develops the chest, develops pain, strengthens the back, eases the physician, tones up the system and corrects various physical defects.

This means good health, which shows, not only in the well-being of the person involved in physical culture, but in the welfare of future generations. It also means clear thinking—something that is needed in these days of distorted peace. Actually physical culture should be known as "physical and mental culture."

Of the benefits of physical culture, let us deal fully with only one aspect—boxing. The other points are self-explanatory and need no elaboration.

To get a true picture of the word "boxing," a definition is necessary. The dictionary states: "Noting the involuntary action of the motor nerves under a stimulus from the sensory nerves."

To understand this, one must understand the brain's relation to the muscles of the body. The brain can be likened to a radio. Every movement we make is controlled by the brain.

We step off a pavement into the path of an oncoming car. What happens? We can see the car, then we step on the road. It is very close. A message is conveyed to the brain to move the body out of the way. The brain, in turn, sends a message to the muscles of the legs to move back. How fast we move depends on the coordination between brain and muscles.

In other words, our reflexes act

A well-trained man sharpens his reflexes. The co-ordination between mind and matter, developed by physical culture, makes both work so fast as to appear simultaneous.

The difference between a trained athlete and an untrained one is manifest in boxing perhaps more than in any other sport because of the added knowledge that boxer will gain.

A boxer uses an opening. Immediately he lands a punch on the unexpected spot. The position is reversed. A boxer throws a punch at his opponent who is fit and trained for the fight. The latter recovers not quickly, so that he retains surprise over superiority. He ducks the punch, or parries it, or slips it or he counters it.

An untrained boxer uses a punch coming his way. He tries to slip it but, too late, he realizes that he did not react fast enough to be hit. The punch connects. Similarly, the untrained boxer uses an opening, but by the time the punch is thrown the boxer has gone—and his opponent has scored a blow of his own.

The people who carry sport out as an argument against it do not understand which aspect. A footballer gets a broken leg; a runner is struck by a ball; a boxer suffers a fractured nose. These things are unavoidable and are present in all forms of life—particularly in the home, and more particularly in the bathroom and kitchen.

Boxing refutes more than public opinion and less from opinion than most other sports. People who do not know, or have read something about fighters of the past, state that boxers are punch-drunk. Hollywood does not help boxing out by showing films of punch-drunk fighters portrayed by actors who have got that way from watching too fight on

A absent-minded professor was awakened at 1 a.m. by the ringing of the telephone. "Hello," said the author, "is that you, you, me, me?" The sleepy-eyed professor replied: "No. It is a slave, sirvan." The author exploded. "So sorry to disturb you with a wrong number." The professor yawned. "That is O.K. I had to get up to answer the phone."

intoxication. Hollywood shows films of brutal, bloody battles, which for certain trickery, are fascinating. The actors really do not receive a penny. Filmmakers are their bosses and think they have won a "disgusting" brand. That is the essence of the "knowledge" of boxing of the people who say the sport should be banned.

In the other past, fighters fought on and on until their brains became annihilated. They took terrible punishment for fight after fight and the brain was so brutalized and there were so many ruptured blood cells in the brain, that the boxers lost their equilibrium, power of thought, part of their sight and speech.

But in these days of a boxer in showbiz, any one of these signs of punch-drunkness, he is not used any more. The studious doctor will not give him.

A boxer will not suffice these injuries to the brain. And an unfit boxer will not get far enough in the

game to be attractive to the promoters, so, after a few trials, he is not used.

Bearish? Sure, there are deaths in every sport. They cannot be avoided. But the strange thing about it is that every time a boxer dies, it makes front page news. A public outcry against the sport is raised. Yet, if a speedway rider, a footballer or a cyclist dies, a few lines appear in the papers in the form of a specific news item. The uninformed would thus get the impression that boxing is more dangerous than other sports. Far from it. Let us examine some figures.

Dr. Thomas A. Gosselink, chief medical examiner of New York in 1951 released some enlightening data. He stated that from 1920 to 1950, boxer deaths in New York State amounted to 12; football deaths to 12; and baseball deaths to 12. He said: "Thirty-two years of boxing occupations have produced fewer deaths in proportion to the number of participants than occur in baseball and football and the fewer deaths than result daily from accidents."

From these facts it can be seen that the moral and physical benefits derived from boxing far outweigh the dangers inherent in it as any other competitive sport."

The report also stated that other sports resulted: Basketball, 7; handball, 6; wrestling, 1; soccer, 6; cricket, golf, polo and rugby same, one each. He did not mention horse riding or other sports.

That report was for New York State alone. What about the rest of the world? In the Universe there are over 20,000 active professional boxers and many thousands of amateurs. If each pro boxer had 10 fights each year (and that is a conservative estimate—some have less, but most have

many more) that would mean there are 200,000 boxing contests every year.

Yet, in the past eight years, there have been 180 deaths in the combined ranks of amateurs and pros, the whole world over. As on the 200,000 figure per year, there would be 1,000,000 fights in pro contests alone, in that eight years, there has been one death for every 56,000 fights, or one death for every 200 boxers who enter the professional ring.

One thing which has an important bearing on ring deaths is that no physically fit boxer ever died as a result of his last fight. If a fit boxer dies, it is the result of the accumulation of much punishment over many fights. Most deaths occur to boxers who, through some physical defect, should never be in the ring. A thin child perhaps. When amateurs have died it is because of a physical defect. Roughly one-third of ring deaths are amateurs.

Throughout the world, in 1950, there were ten times the amount of deaths in football as there were in boxing, and these deaths represented a greater proportion than in boxing. But there was no public outcry in football. We should therefore be a worthy sport.

Speedway racing in Europe accounted for more deaths than boxing and football combined throughout the world. Motor cycling speedways kill more mortally than boxing or football but as headlines. So why the outcry against boxing, the world's oldest pastime?

Sports do not produce near the amount of fatalities of motor accidents on the road. It is a fact that motor accidents throughout the world produce thousands of times more deaths every DAY than all sports combined produce every YEAR.

Proportion? There are about 200,000,000 people in the world and a great number of these do not use motor cars. Estimates state that someone dies from a car accident every five seconds, so that it can be seen that sports deaths are no incidental in proportion to car accidents.

Now we automobile accidents the only killer of life. Accidents in the home, or other forms of transport, murders and diseases are great killers. To my thinking of sports, with regard to illness and disease, if everyone played sport, there would be room for more patients in hospitals. And, if sports were abolished, hospitals could not cope with all the sickness which would result — nor would there be sufficient police to cope with the added crime.

The people who derive boxing here and there a bigger earner in a stadium. Yet they want it banned, while they tolerate other sports such as cricket or grand piano as being the epitome of "masculine foods." Yet these have been deaths as soccer, and in golf, tennis and all other sports. So, if we ban boxing, we must ban soccer, football, polo, speedway racing, horse racing, speed skating, cycling, surfing, wrestling, baseball, basketball, hockey and every other kind of sporting activity.

And, of course, we would have to ban all cars, aeroplanes, ships, trains, trams and other means of transport — except, perhaps, the wheelchair.

Having done that, we would have to stay home and play chess. And even in chess, a death has been recorded. As a chess player of many years I take my life in my hands every time I get out my board and chessmen!



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KATH
WING

THE ROBBER'S RUNNER



KATH, KATH IN A HURRY!
HE IS UNDRESSED, DRESSING
HERSELF IN A HURRY,
HE IS UNDRESSED, DRESSING
HERSELF IN A HURRY.



TRUCK HE LATE. MATH
ARRIVED TO WORK
EARLY IN ORDER TO MEET
HIM ON THE CORNER.



WHILE MATH WAITED FOR
TRUCK, THE REST OF THE
CITY WOULD GO ON THE MOVE.



YOU'RE EARLY. IT DOESN'T
TAKES MUCH TO WAIT AN HOUR
TO GET THEM AND WATCH
THEIR REACTIONS.



BEFORE MATH CAME PRACTICALLY
THE STREETS WERE FILLED
WITH TRUCKS, TRAILERS, U-HAUL,
PICKUP TRUCKS, ETC.



WANDO PLUNGED ON HIS
HOLDING A VERY
CURIOS BAG.



HELLO THERE, MATH!
GOTCHY TO THE LAKE?



MATH, IT'S SO UNBELIEVABLE
BY THIS SHOCKING
DISCOVERY, HE IS SO
DUMB AS TO THE
FACT THAT ALONE
HE NEVER HAD IT.



THAT GIRL THINKS THINGS
TO BE THAT.



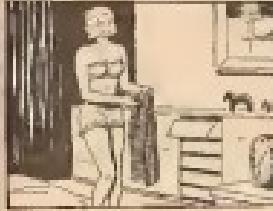
TELLIN' OUTS MATH IS
SO DUMB THAT HE'S
SITTING BACK IN THE
BACK OF THE CAR AS
THEY TRAVEL TO GO
FOR BREAKFAST.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER
AND THE WRITER
END UP SITTING
TOGETHER AND...



AFTER A LONG NIGHT
OUT, HE IS SO EXHAUSTED
HE DECIDES TO SLEEP
IN THE BACKSEAT OF THE
TRAILER — STILL IN
THE TRUCK'S CAR.



BOTHIES THE FRIEND,
I'LL GET IT SOMETIME.



MATH REALIZED THAT HE HAD BEEN EXPOSED TO THE VAMPIRES AT THAT CONVENT, AND THAT IT WAS A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. CURE-IT-IV BEGINS TO WORK.



FINALLY, UNABLE TO SLEEP, SHE DECIDES TO RAPIDLY DRESS AND GET OUT.



ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS TRIED TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT, BUT HE REFUSED, TELLING HIMSELF HE MUST GET OUT OF THE OTHER.



THEY ARE SWINNLY HATCHED UNTIL.....



DRIVING HOME, SHE SAW



ANOTHER TRUCK'S FLAT TIRES BLOCKED HER WAY. SHE STOPPED TO HELP.



DOWN, BUT NOT OUT, SHE GOT ATTEMPTED, SHOULDER AND PULLS.....



JOHN LOSTS BALANCE INTO THE UNBALANCED BED WHICH WHEELED AROUND AGAIN AND AGAIN.....



JOHNSON, WHO WAS IN HIS VEHICLE, CALLED



USING QUARTERS AS HIS WEAPON, TRUCK JERKS AWAY FROM JOHN, SPINNING AND SPINNING, TILL IT COLLIDES - FIRST INTO ANOTHER.....



JOHNSON CALLED TO JOHNSON: "DO YOU SEE THE DAMAGE WE DID? IT'S KILLED US ON A TRIP!"



THE TELEPHONE HAD BEEN RUNG FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE MATH DISCOVERED THAT HIS ORDINARY SLEEP WOULD LAST THROUGH IT.....







WHERE THEY CAN FIND
ANY SUPPLY TO A
SUICIDAL PATROL TEAM.
THE WHOLE PARTY FIND
THEMSELVES HOLESOME



THE MAN IN THE GOLF
CAR EXPLAINED HE HAD
TO DELIVER THE PACKAGE
TO A WOMAN WHO
WHO WANTS TO BE CARRY-
ING A PLATE OF PIZZELLA
AT THAT JEWELRY AT
THAT TIME.



BRUNNEN-VERLAG / STOCHER



AND RUTH VOL
CERTAINLY PREPARED
THE BUCK!



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— Symptom-free in 4 Days!**

London Doctor's Case Book shows dramatic results of this revolutionary new treatment

Case 11. A man of forty years age was admitted from the State Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky, which hospital admitted him as a patient in 1901, and he remained there until his death in 1910. The physician who first examined him at the State Hospital said he was 40 years old and would be dead after three days if he did not receive treatment. He was free from disease for two years from the time of entry, but six months later had had a recurrence of

Fig. 1. *Aegla* sp. sp. found by author, October 1959, a pupa of *Argyraea* from Chilean River. After brief daily exposure to water, it was placed in small tub of distilled water and photographed.

These actual medical cases were recorded by a Master Street Doctor. This doctor treated over 10,000 such patients daily, the majority of whom had received no benefit from other methods of treatment, and as shown, enjoy instant **ADMISSIONS CLEARED**, permanent improvement, increased energy.



YOU CAN BANISH RHEUMATIC PAIN THIS WAY

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SUMMER**

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the best books in the cities used in the choice cities.
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books, poems, novels, historical, educational, or any
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enjoyable reading. A simple thing required here, especially
with every one of Major Admired Books those you have
in mind to buy at what import price.

REVIEW *Democracy Before Administration* comes in good time to assist Chinese reformers at a critical juncture. But it will hardly meet their needs as a manual of practice, providing instead a guide to theoretical

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Be sure to take as many pictures as you can. Please send
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REFERENCES

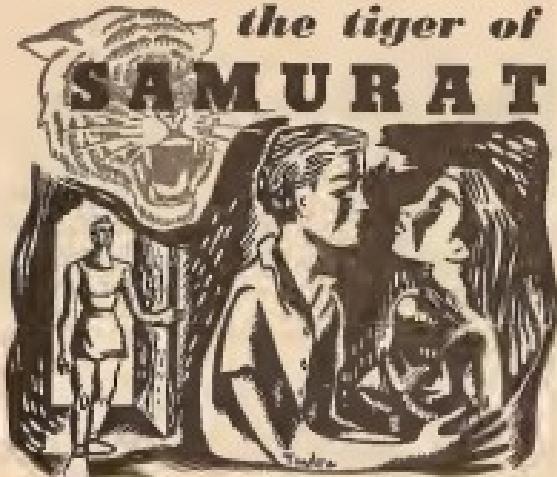
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Journal of Oral Rehabilitation 2003 30: 103–109

The legend of Everett's cowardice was joined by the legend of his courage.



MIRA GRAT • FICTION

WE sat at little tables like islands in a river of bright heat, perusing our drugged, pained thoughts. We were drinking Bobo, or sand tea with Catties in the club bar at Tan-pot Bondong. Mr. Clock, the Doyenne from the cool morn, had me.

It was over two years since I had been to those islands and I was damned glad I sailed again in two days. Not that I was unashamed; I hadn't washed my vest. The tiger's cowardice had been secured ages ago, and I could go back to America with a nice dash in my pockets still in my hands.

Mr. Heck was an island trader. Owned one of those rusting boats

that last forever and becomes as much part of their owners as the shell of a hermit crab.

"Dear boy, is Everett?" he said, his faded grey eyes sliding round the bar.

The doctor looked up first, rattling coins with his hands on the cash table. "No. Always plagued myself I do . . . lot of the snappy wild people and all that . . . hell of a hole I live in . . . but beautiful. Funny how these untrained people always have a room like me with a nice safe living." He sighed.

Mr. Heck stamped round a little

in his chair to look at me. "You?" he asked, not wasting words. "Ever met Everett Tamm?"

Again the doctor spoke as I let my memory of Everett hold me.

"Now here now, the present Tamm, I mean. They're all out in the same mould. The world's got no place left for cowards, pirates, and the Tamm." Again he sighed.

"Raeght Everett," crooned Mr. Heck.

I knew what he meant about the Tamm. We all did. The Tamm are the legend of these islands. The grandfather was descended from the Dutch Army in one of those sweeps at the end of the nineteenth century. As a reward for distinguished service and because he liked the islands, they gave him the small island of Samarai, inhabited by blood-sucking bandit-kings. It was all some kind of

gross joke on him because he'd always been such a fire-eater. But, incredibly, he took the island, held it . . . lived with the head-choppers, and with their help built all the works of Chinese piracy. He built his great colonial house on the third bend of the Kossang River under the awful shadow of Gunung Agung, the haunted mountain.

To Samarai he brought his seventeen-year-old wife from the Italian coast. He had the desire to have her at the airport while he finished off the house, but it is said that she went after him in a motor cycle, because she refused to be parted from him.

Of such blood was born a son and a daughter. The girl died, but the boy survived and set up a kingdom of his own. They still tell that he could lift a pony with his clenched legs



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lated less to the size of the crew of
the school . . . for he belonged to
descents as many as he to the school's
undoubted lord.

The doctor and Ver Hack were on
talking.

They spoke of the time I knew
they would come to . . . and I knew
that it was time for me to tell my
story.

"Should he run screaming from the jeep
places?" said the doctor, knowing
"Gunner" as the wounded and he
guaranteed when the places came were.
There's no destroying these schools
up the size of men. Can't we be
gracious doing that . . . , his father,
Admiral to me here he manages
to stay head of Senners . . . if there's
one thing these schools can't stand
with it's a coward . . ."

"Maybe I can explain the remark,"
I said, "if education ever can be
explained.

It goes back to the time I saw
Event. Then ran under the jeep
places . . . and to the men that
walked up inside us all. It was easy
to forgive a legend its feet off stage

Came the end of the war and we
forgot him. He was just another of
the bitter disappointments . . .

another story over in which we
would never believe again. But . . .
Then . . . A covered. Naturally the
story got around by both Telegraph.
You can't keep a thing like that hidden. If it had stayed with the station
it wouldn't have been so bad, but
inevitably somebody got drunk and
the lesson was heard.

We didn't like the character of gold

CANALCAVE October, 1953 53



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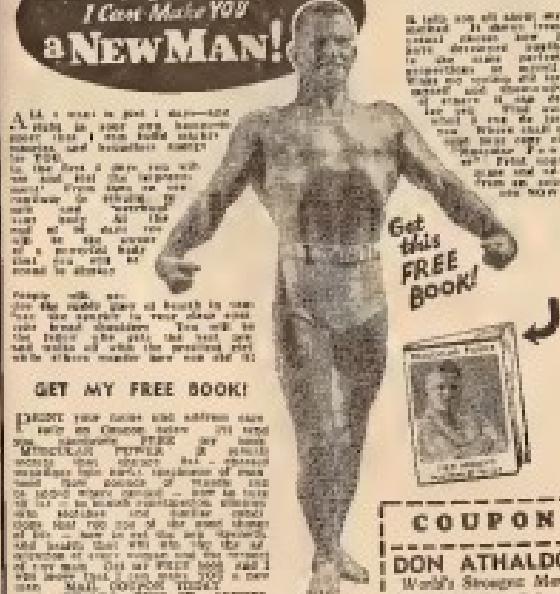
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back to his island and staying there. That was why I was curious when my best friend took me to Shantytown two years ago.

I left the boat and went by prahu up-river to where the old Tuan place stood peacefully unchanged.

They were sitting on the verandah
... Tuan and his wife. It was only
afterwards that I knew she was
Makrom Tuan. They both rose as
they saw me, putting their glasses
down.

"The winner is Myrtlesse Geoff Walker who was with me in the peace demo," he said to his wife in Makay. I sensed it was their burlap lanterns, because he switched apologetically to English. He mentioned his wife briefly.

I looked at Marlene Tova curiously — aware of the same small statistics as her. In her golden skin and black hair burned the purpled blood of Forrest and Holland. She could have been about fifteen years younger than Tova. As I lit her cigarette I was aware of the veiled interest that comes into the eyes of some selected women at the contemplation of a new mate.

My boat did not leave for three weeks. I accepted their invitation to stay. I wanted to see why these people, accustomed to live in such almost equal opulence, still had to depend. Very few boats called at the port. I had an idea the story of her husband might never have passed through the ears of Saxonian who were an efficient, proud race of headstrong and determined. It was even conceivable they would place no barrier in the way—show loyalty to the Thing you demanded. The situation was apprehensive.

One evening we sat on the verandah waiting for Tom to come back from an inspection of some bees.



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trees. She had on a slinky white dress with a line of curved green buttons down the front.

My eyes followed down against the people while I crossed. My body tensed as I realized she had been watching me from behind her cigarette. In some time. She reached out her small fair-haired hand and received the cigarette. My eyes went slowly up to her face. She was not smiling but her breath came in quick pants.

She leaned heavily forward in her chair so that her weight came across me. Her face with its eyelids so heavy of mosquito people harassed me. I crooked the curve of the chair with both hands... but I knew her. We ate like that a long time... her face seemed same. Only when I went to take my hands off the chair I realized hers were holding them hard.

Gradually she got up nervously and went, passing in the doorway to say, "You are late, Harry... I am relieved that... Mr. Walker will excuse me if I leave you."

I realized then that there were on the verandah. I didn't really care if he had seen... the situation was becoming more interesting. Strangely, when I looked up at him, he was smiling, as if at some old and secret joke.

By the end of the three weeks Anna completely absorbed me... my body... my mind-like one of those carnivorous flowers that bloom in the depths of Samoan. I had to have her. I made plans to take her with me somehow. Fortunately my best hadn't turned up to time. There wouldn't be another now for a month.

I got impatient and set myself to break Harry Tamm's careful derivation of this island. I wanted to humiliates him before Anna. I knew

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the way to wind a story about an island like this. I began to let loose the story of Secret Team's conversion.

One night Anna came in tired onto the verandah. When I would have taken her in my arms, she cautioned, "You know, Mr. Watson, you are like all white men . . . you talk too much." I cringed, thinking she was referring to some type of duration. But she held herself from me. "You have been silent about Mystery Team."

"Maybe you'd like to hear the story," I said, suddenly irritated with her coldness.

Her eyes looked through me. "I already know it . . . Mystery Team told me."

Looking at her, I realized it was true. She always conjectured only added to the riddle that was Secret Team.

"I think it is time you were," she said, as if she were discussing an unusually current. "You do much better here . . ." For the first time she looked firmly warned.

Three days back then, before I could understand her attitude. It was as if she had never kissed me, as if I had never held her. She had become again the very goddess who was Mystery Team.

Then wiped the sweat from his forehead with his. "Almost caught up with that tiger, you know, the man-eater that took old Romeo last week."

I watched our mind back in to "her" usually. I remembered the painful sense of blood and splattered bone that had been Romeo. Some-where out in the darkness clock a tiger roared.

The next afternoon, Anna did not come to the verandah. I hadn't seen her all day. During the hard house boy, was worried. The old man looked fit as a healthy rose or twice, trying

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to remain unperceived, but I could see the amazement in his slender hands.

"I asked where Marlowe Tuan was."

"She does not come back. My mother, she went to Dyrang-Mentau the afternoon and she does not return."

"Another hour went by. Eventually Tom stood warily up the steps to me. His whole body registered the fact that I was alone. "Where's Anna?" he said.

I told him what Durus had said. He ran swiftly hands to question the known man. "When he comes out he will bring a twenty-thousand rials. The words stalled out of him like bullets out of a weapon." "The man-killer took another woman from the happens this evening. Anna went to get some kind of orchid she's interested in."

"But you won't hunt in this light," I said.

"I've got to let her know I'm here."

She's afraid of the dark," he snapped. A small group of boys with lights, rifles and other unidentifiable weapons had assembled unwillingly at the foot of the verandah, but, under Tom's cold eyes they did what he ordered.

I got my rifle.

"You don't have to carry," he said. I knew he didn't want me to come. I left in haste.

The sheer walls of the valley made it only a jagged spike in the rock against the family lighter sky. It was like the hideous gateway of a trap. Stealthily it waited for us. It had been gaudy enough crawling through the jungle at night, knowing the shape of death might just say one of us idly. I didn't dare run into that narrow valley. I said, "We'll see better down it all morning."

I think he sensed my fear for the

first time. He turned and grunted, but when he spoke it was only to say, "Of course we wait . . . You not scared?"

I said, "How do you know there . . . ?" but at the dreadful look in his face, I didn't finish it.

The boys held portfolio. We made a fire. Tom went up to the lip of the valley and stood watching. As the fire burned up, there came a tiny plangent of flame from back up the valley. Anna was close by the rocks in Tom's low calzonc.

"This is how he loves her," I thought. It occurred to me that I had never heard a woman as Tom did Anna.

I wondered what would happen in the morning. We had, luckily, a good few boys with us.

It was just dawn when I woke after a nightmare. I had been awake a long time and I knew that Tom had never relaxed his vigilance, looking against a rock in the fire-light, going up valley. He wouldn't be at his post for hunting turns, particularly in that narrow trap of a valley.

When I got out from under the pendak, the boys were grouped around. I knew enough Malay to question them, as I couldn't see Tom anywhere.

They seemed to take it quite coolly that he had got up at dawn and gone alone into the valley. If the tiger broke back they were to get him . . . if he was in the valley. I went to the rocks and looked up the narrow precipice. somewhere in there a man was walking, very slowly, very steadily, walking . . . and a heavy padding after him.

I felt sure the tiger was still in there. One of the boys had found fresh pig tracks amongst the rocks at the entrance, and it was unlikely

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that it would have reached past us to the right before. The other end of the valley was impossible for men or horses. Tom had said so.

There was nothing to do but wait. Once there came the sudden wild shudder of mountains, then a kind of brooding silence settled down, as if all the people with their myriad eyes were watching the age-old scene between death and life. It was almost a relief when a long, grumbling roar rolled down to us.

I took a line of the boys and climbed up rocks. Once on a patch of rocky ground we saw him moving in the open, a small figure. He must have had to break his way through boulders and low scrub. He was trying to get to the position where he had started that present of late by circling around the back of a.

He must either be half way up the cliff face, or on the top of one of the needle sharp crags at its base. Once again the timpani continued, the couldn't bear the roar with that noise. But suddenly the torn edges of the purple carpet back like a recent blanket.

Once or twice there came again that grumbling roar. It seemed no longer before there was a shot, too. Then complete silence. The jungle held its breath. I knew he didn't give those sons in the next two hours. I would have to start after him. I was sweating as the thought, but even then I could see the way of the situation.

It was an hour and a half later before Tom came out of the valley with his arm around Maytree. Tom. The brown man didn't seem surprised. They accepted easily his direction of where to find the tiger's carcass.

We sat, looking over, as if the whole affair had been a joke now. It



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she over. "I have told Marlowe that I will speak her if she does such things again... nevertheless she made a good boy... I might have turned him for weeks otherwise."

The next morning before I left for Ketchet, she came out by herself onto the verandah. Her weary pallor was deeper than ever.

"It was an terrible thing to do, when you know..." I broke off shortly. Suddenly I was fed up with the whole Island.

She looked at me. "Do you think I would have raised his life if I hadn't believed the time was dead? When I passed Kangaroo Ute they had killed a tiger and somebody had run to tell Bert it was the tiger. I stopped the man from running to tell the news to either of you." "But why?"

"It seemed to me a good time to prove to you and all of them that Marlowe Tuan is no coward... that there is no one there on this island before which he has bent his head," she said simply.

In a way I understood her ghostly experience. She had wanted to prove to me and the broken men that each man has his own type of courage... and his own cowardice.

"You see," she said, "he was beginning to crumble before your eyes. I had to give him back his both in honesty... in the legend of the lords of Banquo."

"You lived long enough to spend the night at that valley alone," I said, shuddered.

"You forgot, I thought the moment was dead," she snorted.

"Then said you were afraid of the dark?"

Her face twisted. "Yes... I am afraid of the dark."

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In a something, distinctive and typical of Atlantic products, a complete information leaflet is enclosed with each sample. Send money and address, naming it as Mr. or Miss and where to send sample.

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9 Martin Place, Sydney

"I have lost," she said. "That other time when he ran . . . it was the same . . . the place . . . even I . . . we of the jungle understood the names of the people, but that other . . . that roar in sky . . . is many of them."

"Suddenly I knew that what she said was the truth. A man with human qualities enough to trust her alone might very well be possessed by a fawn of 'phases.'

I said, "Why did you let me make love to you?"

The mosquito hissed. She shivered. "In the jungle this, we do not weigh things. If we want a thing, we take it if we are strong enough . . . but I know I did not love you. It did not matter, it was a . . . variation. I know you did not love me. There's a difference to love. Here, we do not quarrel with either, but we know the difference."

Brutus Tamm came through the door. The slight, compact figure was habitedly clothed in white shorts and shirt. It seemed impossible that this man had gone into a valley and lifted a tiger alone.

* * *

"Quar' yell," said the doctor from the coal mine. He scraped his chair back. "Well, must be on my way now." He now looked at me with a new confidence that I knew they would have when I finished my story.

I know, too, that the two stories would go on side by side: the story of the cowardice of Brutus Tamm and the story of his courage, until each of them became a legend . . . another legend of the Town of Sustent.



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ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY LIMITED

Talking Points

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR

Next month you will see some changes in CAVAILAGE. As Tennyson said: "The old order changes, yielding place to new." There will be more colour, more cartoons, more pictures.

MUSIC

Paganini was the wonder of his age. There was no one in the world could play the violin as he could. His technique has lived on and is adopted by all the greatest violinists of to-day. But, at Paganini's day, people were asked by superstitious and they thought he was in league with the devil. The writer of that article, Angus Horwood, is in music now. "Devil on a G String" is his name!

REMEMBERINGS

The old concert days in Australia received many buffaloes, because of the tentacles noted out in the concerts. But, as the newer settlements were in the Eastern States and Tasmania, buffaloes were confined, in the main, to those states. However, there was one deer which invaded South Australia. And they created some havoc before being caught. Read about this gang on page 18.

STRINGS

Whenever a sparrow is killed while indulging in his sport, some people set up the cry: "That sport! It is killing off our musketeer" sports

writer, Ray Mitchell, has taken this in his theme in the article, "Should Sports Be Reserved?" on page 80 and he knows in statistics and arguments which cover the question beyond argument.

NEXT MONTH

There is an article and a story for all. If you are ageing and worrying about it, read "You and Old Age." It will give you new life. If you are without money, read "Pay Up Your Postie's Wreck" and gain new ways. If you like crime, James Hollidge gives you just that in his article, "Murders of a Master." Put Ray takes us along the road where we meet "Knights of the Road," the tramps who make trampies their living. John Watson delves into history and tells the story of a notorious hooker in France, "The Amiable Cat-Thorne" in the title. "Blissous and Dopey" tells of one of the greatest houses in history. For boozing fans there is one of the most dramatic stories in the history of the sport. It concerns Joe Louis and Max Schmeling. Writer is Ray Mitchell and the title is "They Needed Schmeling Salt." For those who like legends there is "The Lame-Lame Legend." It tells of a race of people of superior intelligence living in mountainous regions beyond the reach of our civilization. And for down fans there are three adventurous stories which are first class.



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